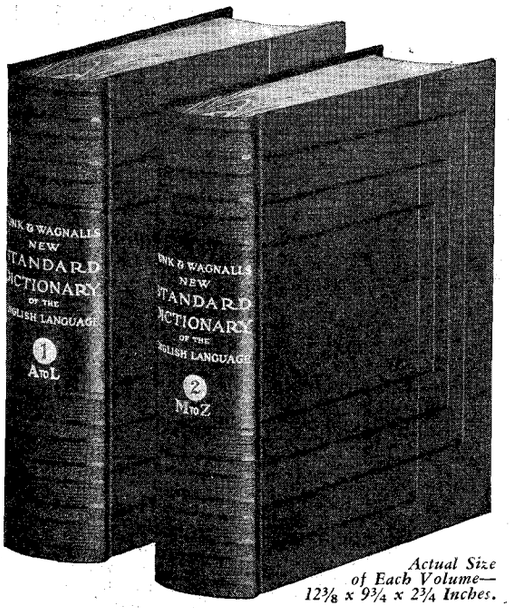
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October 3, 1936

The Literary Digest

FOR OCTOBER 3, 1936

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Mail

New Cover

Sir:—I want to congratulate you on the new cover. It is a knock-out. M. H. CASE.
Melville Village, New Hampshire.

Sir:—I found your cover on the September 15 issue most unusual; I was interested in the article on the way it was done. What can't be done with pins, paper, scissors, a little paste and a camera in capable hands!
Huntsville, Texas. MRS. E. R. COLBURN.

Education Defined

Sir:—*High school and college methods of education depend upon whether we wish to educate a student or merely stuff him with facts.*
The educated man is one whose mind is trained to do concise thinking—comparable to the well-kept tools of a good mechanic. He may not have all the facts at hand. But he knows how and where to find information he desires.
Assumption, Illinois. HEBER KEIRN.

Lock-step?

Sir:—THE LITERARY DIGEST, September 5, depicts a portion of the "1,000,000 youths of Germany" marching to the goose-step. Won't you reproduce a photograph of our West Point cadets so that we can see the contrast between their peaceful marching and the warlike step of the German boys?
The above, of course, is intended for your humorous columns.
GEORGE N. WANSER.
Manasquan, New Jersey.

[The significant difference would lie, not in the marching (altho West Pointers do not

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goose-step), but in the numbers—1,000,000 to less than 2,000.—*Editor.*]

Exams for Politicians

Sir:—Americans should require that all candidates for public office be compelled to answer the questions put to foreign-born persons desiring naturalization.

How can politicians expect to carry out the American principles of government if they don't know the foundations on which our Government rests?

Boston. FRANCIS MODRICKER.

Religious Codes

Sir:—I have not read the letter of your correspondent who claims that "there is nothing new in the Christian religion which did not exist in all other religions of man." I may not agree with him. However, I consider the answer of the Rev. Henry C. Hemmeter an unfortunate one.

All religions stipulate some sort of regulations for the relations of sexes, the sanctity of marriage. Whether or not these regulations are generally broken is another story.

Man proclaimed the sacredness of property from the very dawn of history, and this for selfish reasons. Christian society has not the advantage over other societies of being able to dispense with a police force to have this right respected.

As to the Golden Rule, it was proclaimed by Confucius, 500-odd years before Christ, in his twenty-fourth Maxim, which runs as follows: "Do to another what you would that he should do to you, and do not unto another what you would not should be done unto you. Thou only needest this law alone. It is the foundation and principle of all the rest."

This form compares advantageously with that found in Luke VI, 12, and hardly could be called an emasculated one.

As to the Rev. Henry C. Hemmeter's last statement, namely, that the Christian religion teaches the one and only way of salvation and that there is no salvation in any other, what religion does not make the same claim?

Bloomington, Indiana. E. J. L.

Sir:—In your September 5 issue, the Rev. Henry C. Hemmeter takes to task a former correspondent for stating that "there is nothing new in the Christian religion which did not exist in all other religions of man."

Centuries before Christ, a pagan philosopher said: "So treat thine enemy that he will not have to forgive thee." Another said: "Do not unto others as you would not have them do unto thee." Is there any real difference between these ancient sayings and the Golden Rule?

As for Mr. Hemmeter's statement that Christianity alone taught the sanctity of marriage and of the home, of private property and temporal possessions, it simply shows that he is not familiar with the Hammurabi code, the writings of Confucius or Epicurus, or with many of the tablets found in the library of King Ashurbanipal.

These philosophic concepts antedated those of Christ by many centuries.

Birmingham, Alabama. E. J. LEE RUST.

Political Definitions

Sir:—In discussing foreign affairs, THE LITERARY DIGEST makes mention of Socialists, Communists, Nazis, Fascists and other *ists.* I find that teachers and pupils in general have difficulty in distinguishing between these groups and their doctrines.

I write in hope that you may be able to suggest some source where these organizations and their work are discussed briefly and simply. Such an article or book would be of great value to students of current history and international problems.

E. JORGENSON, Superintendent,
Selby Consolidated Schools, South Dakota.

[For a thorough discussion of Nazism in Germany, Fascism in Italy, and Communism in Russia, read "New Governments in Europe," a Foreign Policy Association Publication (1934).

For a simply written exposition of the different forms of government to-day existing in Europe, "Europe at the Crossroads," by Philip Dorf, published by the Oxford Book Company, New York (1935). This book is particularly appropriate for high-school students.—*Editor.*]

"FUNNY—THIS ONE SMELLS LIKE BAY RUM"

—Copyright 1936, Life Magazine

Cancer

Sir:—I am lost in admiration. To swallow and digest such a hotchpotch of information and produce so readable a story on cancer amounts to genius. I am sure it has been a very valuable aid in our educational work, and I hope that some time in the not too distant future it will be possible to repeat.

New York City. SUSAN WOOD,
New York Cancer Committee.

Problems of Democracy

Sir:—I am a senior in high school and would like to use THE LITERARY DIGEST in conjunction with my school work. One of my studies is Problems in Democracy. In this study, we have to make projects concerning any problem of our democracy.

Can you suggest any line for me to follow?

HAZEL STRICKLER.

Ruffsdale, Pennsylvania.

[Any field of endeavor which you plan to make your life work must have in connection with it some of the problems of democracy. We therefore suggest that you follow up any phase of life which interests you, reading THE LITERARY DIGEST for both sides of the problems arising from your chosen interest.

Most certainly, will they be problems of our democracy.—*Editor.*]

Public Opinion

Sir:—I am a teacher of history and find THE LITERARY DIGEST most helpful. I should, however, like to pose a question which hasn't been covered in your columns.

Who conducts the "Public Opinion" published in some of our American newspapers? It seems to me to be unfair in its conclusions.

I have asked a number of people if they have ever had a request for an opinion on subjects discussed in Texas papers and have never found one who has had such a request.

Qualaska, Texas. MRS. J. D. FRANK.

[The veracity and selection of news in any newspaper depend largely upon the ethics of the editors and publishers. Any publisher or editor with a prejudiced view-point may select almost any "public opinion" he desires from a large enough variety of replies.

One of the important values of THE LITERARY DIGEST, we feel, is its lack of any ax to grind. It is our constant endeavor to digest the news, the news behind the news, and the editorial comment following up the news, in the proportions which they seem to deserve.—*Editor.*]

Lemke Balloting

Sir:—Please list the names of the States in which Lemke's ticket will appear, the States which are closed against him, and the status of his attempts to get on the ballot in the remaining States. F. C. TAYLOR.

St. Louis.

[The Lemke candidacy is filed in Alabama, Arizona, Illinois, Iowa, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, Montana, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Texas and Washington.

It was too late to be filed in Florida, Nevada, New Jersey, North Carolina and West Virginia. It is pending in all other States.—*Editor.*]

Herr 666?

Sir:—In the latest issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST, under the heading "Oracular Cheops," you write:

"The leader, Robert J. Boyle, wasn't sure what was going to happen, but he hinted it was high time for the antichrist, Mr. 666, to appear. To his way of thinking, several modern dictators might easily fit the rôle."

Only one dictator fits, as a simple examination of names and titles will show any one who is curious as to the identity of your "mysterious Mr. 666." Count the letters in this: *Führer* Adolph Hitler, and there you have six-six-six.

Revelations XIII, 18 concludes:

"Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: for it is the number of a man; and his number *is* Six hundred threescore *and* six."

ROLLO FITZJAMES.

Hampton Bays, Long Island.

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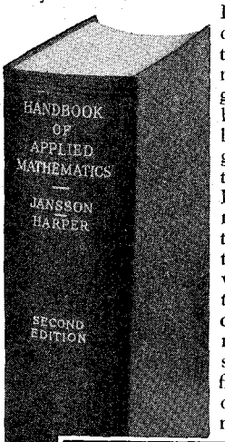

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK OCTOBER 3, 1936

Topics of the day

HEARST BARRAGE ENLIVENS CAMPAIGN

Press Debates Publisher's Charges That Reds Back Roosevelt

William Randolph Hearst, nimble for his seventy-three years, headed for his medieval St. Donat's castle in Wales, with its 135 museum-like rooms, to wind up a summer tour of Europe; President Roosevelt went to his sprawling ancestral family estate at Hyde Park to begin the frankly political phase of the fall campaign.

Sent their separate ways in sworn enmity by a hot exchange of compliments over the previous week-end, they set press and public to answering the questions: How red

Pictures, Inc.

Mr. Hearst's paper translated . . .

is Roosevelt? How hysterical is Hearst? Some fumed, some sputtered, some praised, some scoffed. Many laughed.

Stephen Early, White House Secretary, brought the feud to a head when he called in reporters an hour or so after President Roosevelt had returned from a trip to Harvard. He handed them a brief but sharp statement, anticipating charges by a "certain notorious publisher" that the President "passively accepts" support of alien organizations, and declaring that "the President does not want and does not welcome the support of alien organizations hostile to the American form of government."

Sabbath Barrage—Any possible doubt that the White House statement referred to Mr. Hearst and to Communists was dispelled the next day, when the ten Sunday newspapers of the Hearst chain splashed across their front pages "proof" that "through its Comintern in Moscow and its puppet organization in the United States, Soviet Russia is taking an aggressive part in the Presidential campaign in America—ON THE SIDE OF THE NEW DEAL."

They took the trouble to translate back from the Russian a speech made by Earl Browder, American Communist candidate for the Presidency, in Madison Square Garden, which had been a matter of record for months.

Mr. Browder's statement that Communists could form a "united front" on other questions with elements backing the New Deal was condensed to show that "Communists can join . . . in . . . supporting Roosevelt."

While Mr. Hearst and Communists quibbled over whether the President was accepting radical aid "willingly or unwillingly," whether the let-up in the Communist attack on President Roosevelt was ordered from abroad and whether Communists were passing up their own ticket for the Democratic, it remained obvious that Communists, even tho "not committed to Roosevelt," were concentrating their opposition on Landon, with the cry: "A vote for Landon is a vote for Hearst . . . and for the Nazi-Fascist enemies of American democracy."

In an editorial cabled from Amsterdam, Mr. Hearst insisted that the President "DOES receive the support of these enemies of the American government, and that he has done his best to DESERVE the support of all such disturbing and destructive elements."

It was not the first time, nor the last, that the New Deal was accused of harboring radicals.

In March, 1934, William A. Wirt, of Gary, Indiana, created a minor flurry when he claimed to have evidence that the Brain Trust was fomenting revolution.

The Chicago *Tribune* has seconded the Hearst press in purporting to show a link between Moscow and Washington.

Republicans Chime In—Last week, the Republican National Committee charged that the New Deal was "tainted with Communism from its inception." From a book written by George N. Peek, formerly a New Deal aid, and Samuel Crowther, the Committee said:

"The men who advocated revolution, who calmly discussed the amount of 'blood that ought to be shed' are still in Roosevelt's confidence and controlling his actions."

However, wrote Mark Sullivan in the New York *Herald Tribune* last week, "Those who invented the New Deal, the high priests of it, those who intellectually are its commanding generals" (he pointed specifically at Rexford G. Tugwell) have been silenced of late to tone down the pictures that paint the Administration all the way from pale pink to flaming red.

That the White House troubles to answer these charges means to Hugh S. Johnson, Scripps Howard columnist, that "the campaign is going gaga."

"Everybody has Mr. Hearst's number," he said. "Everybody knows that what he builds to-day he will destroy to-morrow, and that in either building or destroying his contempt for truth is colossal."

Smith's Experience—Mr. Hearst is now vigorously booming Governor Landon's candidacy, but in 1932 he was for Roosevelt, throwing his backing to him at the Democratic convention to stop Al Smith.

Al Smith, whose views about the New Deal now coincide at points with Mr. Hearst's, once enjoyed Mr. Hearst's favor. That was in 1918, when Mr. Smith was

Wide World

. . . Mr. Browder's New York speech

running for Governor of New York, but in 1919 Mr. Smith had become, to Mr. Hearst, "the tool of the milk barons."

In 1896, Mr. Hearst supported William Jennings Bryan because "he is his own man." In 1908 he called Bryan "the world-renowned loose skin man, who can reverse himself in his own integument so that you can not tell whether he is coming or going."

In 1912 he thought Woodrow Wilson would make a good President, but when Wilson was Governor of New Jersey, Mr. Hearst called him a "sham progressive." A month after Wilson entered the White House, the Hearst attack began.

President Theodore Roosevelt once publicly rebuked Mr. Hearst for "reckless utterances" which "appeal to the dark and evil spirits of malice and greed, envy and sullen hatred."

Even on the Russian question, Mr. Hearst's record is not conspicuous for consistency.

In his retort to the White House last

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week he denounced President Roosevelt for recognizing Soviet Russia, "a dictatorship born in riot and sustained by murder and plunder."

On March 1, 1918, he headed an editorial: "In self-defense, we should hasten to aid and hearten Russia's revolutionary Government." In 1924 he wrote: "I am sure that the spirit of our people will eventually compel the Government to proceed in its relations with Russia with more sympathy, more democracy and more intelligence."

Press Comment—Between the Hearst press and the cry of "lies" flung back by the radical press last week, other newspapers criticized all sides freely:

Knickerbocker Press (Albany, N. Y.; Ind.-Rep.): "There is small virtue in either side of the controversy. Mr. Hearst is probably all that Mr. Roosevelt implies by a Presidential denial; Mr. Roosevelt undoubtedly has swung our governmental policy from personal liberty to concentrated authority or dictatorship, which should please any group of European extremists."

Hartford (Conn.) *Courant* (Rep.): "It seems entirely in keeping to say that the gratuitous and intemperate support that Mr. Hearst is now giving to Governor Landon is no more welcomed by that gentleman than the support of violent radicals is welcome to President Roosevelt."

Baltimore *Sun* (Ind.-Dem.): "Nobody who is thinking straight believes Mr. Roosevelt has any sort of contract with Moscow, and nobody who is thinking straight believes that Mr. Landon has any sort of contract with pirates and plunderers."

Christian Science Monitor (Ind.): "Neither Moscow nor Hearst deserves a place—even a negative place—" as a "bogy on the November ballot."

Richmond (Va.) *Times-Dispatch* (Ind.-Dem.): "Mr. Roosevelt is sincerely interested in the welfare of the average man. If that be Communism, let Hearst make the most of it."

Washington *Star* (Ind.): "He who plays with matches—or 'reds'—may expect to be burned."

Kansas City *Star* (Ind.): "The real issue is that individuals and groups preaching un-American doctrines and making class appeals either have identified themselves with the New Deal or have assumed a most kindly attitude toward it."

Western View—Detroit *Free Press* (Ind.): "Can it be that he has not the courage personally to stand up for America and defy Moscow and its agents in this country who seek to overthrow the American form of government?"

Ernest L. Meyer, in the New York *Post* (Ind.), spoofs them all with the discovery that the Comintern of Organized Cannibals of America is supporting Governor Landon.

"It has long been known that secret cells of the COCOA have been operating in America, with the avowed intention of usurping power when Landon is elected and seizing the National Capitol," he chuckles.

"By inverting the dome, they plan to convert it into an enormous stewpot into which the FLOWER OF OUR AMERICAN MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD WILL BE HURLED while flames lick the base of the dome and savage hordes of organized cannibals dance about it making horrible noises of teeth-gnashing and chop-licking."

CAMPAIGNERS FOR THE PRESIDENCY

LANDON

Governor Landon began last week, in Topeka's renewed heat, polishing up his farm program. He ended it in the cool of the whispering pines on the Sinnissippi Farms of former Gov. Frank O. Lowden near Oregon, Illinois.

Harsh words were being said in the Landon camp of Roosevelt strategy, but the Governor was smiling when he appeared for his press conference on Monday, "all spruced up" in dark coat and light trousers, a change from the gray suit of recent days.

The night before, President Roosevelt had announced the appointment of a committee to study crop insurance and land-use. Governor Landon gave no hint of agreeing with some of his followers that the move was calculated to take the wind out of his sails on a forthcoming farm tour, but he did break precedent to give out in advance two paragraphs of his speech in Des Moines the next night on the same subject (see page 40).

Farm State Tour—Tuesday morning, the Governor boarded his nine-car *Sunflower Special* for a campaign tour of the North Central farm States. Seven times the first day, the train stopped while the candidate greeted platform clusters, exchanged two hand-shakes for a big Missouri watermelon, patted a tiny namesake's cheek.

At Des Moines, still agog over early September's strange sight of two Presidential aspirants in a tête-à-tête over the drought, 100,000 cheered him as he stood in an open car heading a parade to his hotel. After being almost mobbed by loyal Landonites, he ducked into the hotel for a large glass of orange-juice and a rest before his plea that evening at the Iowa State Fair grounds for the family-type farm.

On Wednesday, the campaigning Kansan breakfasted with 200 Iowa party leaders, lunched with 300 Iowa editors and farmers, and talked with a procession of hotel callers. Cartoonist-conservationist Jay N. Darling ("Ding") treated him to a horseback ride and to dinner.

Address to Forum—That evening, miles away, clubwomen at *The Herald Tribune's* Forum on Current Problems in New York's Waldorf-Astoria heard a message from Governor Landon warning them against President Roosevelt's extravagant "housekeeping."

After another all-day train trip, the Governor was greeted at the Minneapolis Municipal Auditorium by a shower of torn paper from the balcony and an Indian war-dance on the stage. There, strategically close to the Canadian border, he told farmers that they had been "sold down the river" by the reciprocal trade pacts made by the Roosevelt Administration with foreign countries.

Oshkosh means overalls to Governor Landon's fellow Jayhawkers, he told that town's citizens after stopping over there Friday night to see a high-school football game.

Crossing Wisconsin the next day, he stopped at Madison, site of the University of Wisconsin, to make a plea for academic freedom. He arrived at the day's destination, Milwaukee, in the rain. At the Municipal Stadium he riddled the "cruel hoax" of the New Deal's social security program and offered one to supplant it. Then on to the Lowden farm to relax before the return trip to Topeka.

ROOSEVELT

The admittedly political phase of President Roosevelt's campaign for reelection opened last week in the small library at Hyde Park House on the Hudson.

There Mr. Roosevelt held a press conference early in the week and announced that he had asked a host of Democratic dignitaries to meet him two days later.

What, a reporter wanted to know, would be the purpose of the conference? It would be a political conference, the President replied. Then, grinning and thrusting out his chin, he added, "and that's news." Conferences with leading Democrats hitherto have been termed "personal calls," just as Roosevelt trips and speeches have been labeled "non-political."

The political conference was held in the larger library at Hyde Park House. The President sat in a high rocking-chair with his back to the fireplace, facing a circle of twenty-eight Democratic celebrities, the Vice President, John N. Garner; Senators, Representatives and members of the Democratic National Committee.

Concentrate on East—For two hours, the group swapped ideas, reaching the conclusion that the President's campaign should be centered in the industrial East. His strictly political speech-making, it was agreed, could well start with the address scheduled to be delivered before the New York State Democratic Convention at Syracuse September 29.

Whatever complexion he intends to give it, political significance will certainly be read into a second Roosevelt speech scheduled to be broadcast from Pittsburgh, beginning at 9 P.M. October 1.

Al Smith, most celebrated of anti-New Deal Democrats, had been scheduled to begin an hour's broadcast at that time, but last week wrote to Mr. Roosevelt: "In deference to the high office of President which you hold, I do not desire to interfere with your having a nation-wide audience; therefore, I have canceled that portion of my contracted period which would conflict with your half-hour and shall not begin my radio address until 9:30 P.M., when you will have finished."

Busy Week—Other activities of the President's week, in addition to his regular routine, included the following: He named two committees to study and report on crop insurance and on land use in the Great Plains area; set up a Maritime Commission to intervene in the threatened longshoremen's strike; extended greetings to rallies organized by the Colored Committee of the Good Neighbor League to celebrate the anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation and to indorse his candidacy; like Governor Landon, sent a message to the New York *Herald Tribune* Forum on Current Problems; named Harry H. Woodring (Alfred Landon's predecessor as Governor of Kansas) to serve as Secretary of War until Congress convenes; discussed with Mayor LaGuardia of New York how Federal and metropolitan relief can best be joined; entertained friends at tea and dinner.

Mrs. James Roosevelt, his mother, was eighty-two last week, and the President joined in the observance of her birthday at Hyde Park, staying on into this week. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt spent the week in the White House, suffering from an attack of influenza.

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LANDON HOLDS LEAD IN "DIGEST" POLL

Kansan Ahead in 21 States, Roosevelt in 10, Lemke in None

Landon holds his lead. As the candidates round the far turn in this exciting Presidential race, the Kansas Governor is still in front.

But Roosevelt is inching up, and Lemke, the amazing "dark horse," refuses to quit, tho far behind.

In this, the fifth report of THE LITERARY DIGEST 1936 Presidential Poll, the Republican's total has been whittled from last week's 58.38 per cent. to 57.95 per cent. The score stands: Landon, 438,601; Roosevelt, 282,524; Lemke, 29,083.

Electoral Line-Up—In terms of Electoral votes, Landon has 290 from twenty-one States; Roosevelt 111 from ten States; Lemke none.

But the Poll has four weeks to run, and much can happen in four weeks. Roosevelt has been moving up steadily, may break into a breath-taking sprint in these remaining weeks, when the big city vote makes its full force felt.

Democratic Hope—For the Democrats maintain that the President's chief strength lies in these urban centers.

This week, the total of ballots tabulated is swelled to 756,807. These include supplementary returns from twenty-one States listed last week, and ten States reporting for the first time.

And what a realm of conjecture and debate in the campaign some of those ten new States open up!

Uncertain Illinois—Take Illinois: With twenty-nine Electoral votes, the State that sent Abraham Lincoln to the White House may well be a determining factor in the final outcome.

Its shift one way or another would represent a difference of fifty-eight votes, with only 266 needed for victory in the Electoral College.

And shifts are nothing new in Illinois. In 1928, the State gave Hoover a 454,324 plurality over Smith; in 1932, it piled up a 449,548 plurality for Roosevelt—a million-vote shift. Another factor which makes Illinois significant is that it is one of the "half-and-half" States — half city-industrial, half rural-agricultural.

The Republicans, counting heavily this year on the downstate farmer vote, point to the recent Democratic intraparty rift between Gov. Henry Horner and the Chicago machine headed by Mayor Edward Kelly and Boss Pat Nash. The G.O.P. says Nash fought Horner's renomination because the latter sponsored an Honest Elections Bill, and quotes the Cook County boss as wailing that the measure "would cost the organization 250,000 votes in Chicago."

Showing in Primary—The Democrats, on the other hand, insist that National Chairman James A. Farley patched up that quarrel, and that Cook County will erase any Republican edge that can be rolled up downstate. And they point gleefully to the April primaries, when the President, running unopposed, piled up 1,300,000 votes, whereas Republican aspirants Borah and Knox, in a neck-and-neck race, were able to get a combined total of only 915,780.

Where will Illinois' twenty-nine Electoral votes go?

This week, in first returns, they go to Landon, with 12,409 ballots to 5,484 for Roosevelt, only 459 for Lemke.

Michigan Problem—No less an "if" quantity than Illinois' twenty-nine are Michigan's nineteen.

First returns from this State give Landon 7,784 to Roosevelt's 3,704, with a meager 575 for the Union Party candidate.

Michigan, too, did some shifting in 1932. Traditionally Republican, the State went for the President by a majority of nearly 132,000. It elected a Democratic Governor and ten Democratic Representatives out of seventeen. But it developed that the 1932 shift was not to be the last.

Two years later, the Republicans recaptured the Governorship and elected eleven Representatives. Will that swing back to the G.O.P. be accelerated in November?

No one knows for certain, but Republicans are heartened by a spring primary vote that outnumbered the Democratic total by about three to two.

In the face of this apparent trend back to normal Republicanism, a number of polls other than THE DIGEST's still show the State leaning toward the President. Which points the right way?

An Editorial View—In an effort to find out, and at the same time explain the apparent discrepancy, the Detroit *Free Press* recently took "a straw vote of straw votes," and announced:

"We have not been able to find any resident of Michigan who has ever been mailed a ballot by any of these (other) services or who has been approached or asked an opinion.

"On the other hand, we do find at least one out of every twenty, in all walks of life, who have received their LITERARY DIGEST ballots.

"This does not mean that *The Free Press* vouches for the absolute accuracy of THE DIGEST Poll—but we do know that one is being taken."

Far Western Showing—But there are other new States whose returns are interesting to scan. Two of them are Washington and Oregon, both in that Pacific Coast tier which the Democrats list as "in the bag."

This week, Washington goes into the Landon column by a slender 464. In 1932, the State sent a Democratic majority

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Fifth Report "Literary Digest" 1936 Presidential Poll

	Landon 1936 Total Vote For State	How the Same Voters Voted in the 1932 Election						Roosevelt 1936 Total Vote For State	How the Same Voters Voted in the 1932 Election						Lemke 1936 Total Vote For State	How the Same Voters Voted in the 1932 Election					
		Rep.	Dem.	Soc.	Others	Did Not Vote	Vote Not Indicated		Rep.	Dem.	Soc.	Others	Did Not Vote	Vote Not Indicated		Rep.	Dem.	Soc.	Others	Did Not Vote	Vote Not Indicated
Alabama	812	333	349	.....	.....	85	45	3,543	104	3,108	16	.....	171	144	16	.....	15	.....	.....	.....	1
Arizona	683	406	193	8	.....	39	37	599	67	478	17	.....	14	23	23	4	9	5	.....	3	2
Arkansas	1,968	992	676	5	8	172	115	5,819	172	5,108	11	8	266	254	94	9	64	2	2	8	9
California	31,588	22,824	5,924	101	15	1,219	1,505	28,789	5,349	20,265	618	31	1,279	1,247	1,833	549	966	42	13	49	214
Colorado	1,433	1,067	248	17	1	41	59	889	103	701	20	.....	32	33	54	16	31	3	.....	1	3
Florida	2,406	1,239	828	6	.....	206	127	3,676	273	3,002	17	.....	208	176	69	15	46	1	.....	4	3
Georgia	1,669	497	818	1	6	277	70	6,672	167	5,611	20	3	591	280	17	2	13	.....	.....	2	.....
Idaho	1,508	1,125	287	6	.....	37	53	994	143	776	4	2	35	34	64	18	33	1	2	3	7
Illinois	12,409	9,120	2,332	54	8	435	460	5,484	1,006	4,013	92	2	164	207	459	116	288	12	.....	13	30
Indiana	35,922	26,751	6,422	114	43	1,044	1,548	22,599	3,810	17,194	247	19	582	747	1,857	412	1,149	58	10	60	168
Iowa	27,976	20,050	5,403	118	22	1,079	1,304	16,355	2,784	12,006	210	12	700	643	2,524	503	1,638	69	10	72	232
Kansas	2,196	1,563	421	8	.....	74	130	1,730	391	1,165	17	1	58	98	67	16	37	2	.....	4	8
Louisiana	1,994	775	918	3	1	188	109	4,882	266	3,999	19	.....	377	221	510	19	419	4	1	32	35
Maine	9,429	6,915	1,261	21	28	569	635	4,271	508	3,057	31	.....	231	444	340	47	224	3	2	39	25
Michigan	7,784	5,832	1,324	39	3	230	356	3,704	733	2,562	100	6	144	159	575	139	332	22	1	18	63
Minnesota	25,958	18,890	5,041	86	3	770	1,168	17,802	3,135	12,799	421	19	739	689	4,663	673	3,363	102	10	130	385
Mississippi	634	214	292	1	.....	93	34	4,872	61	4,333	7	1	240	230	30	1	24	1	.....	1	3
Missouri	6,788	4,672	1,452	25	7	337	295	7,180	874	5,813	60	3	207	223	258	38	173	9	.....	14	24
Montana	1,078	810	189	4	.....	23	52	771	141	547	20	1	26	36	48	13	21	.....	.....	1	13
Nebraska	2,512	1,663	647	8	.....	71	123	1,912	275	1,487	23	.....	56	71	88	24	54	4	.....	1	5
New Jersey	47,895	36,898	7,160	193	14	1,911	1,719	23,464	4,542	15,993	845	13	1,278	793	2,126	384	1,433	70	1	88	150
New York	81,463	62,261	12,912	323	19	2,774	3,174	28,451	5,982	19,364	771	13	1,332	989	5,317	1,214	3,410	137	2	179	375
North Dakota	743	479	209	.....	.....	14	41	661	128	485	3	2	15	28	145	30	92	2	.....	6	15
Ohio	43,709	32,744	7,479	217	41	1,403	1,825	26,145	4,805	18,928	584	25	1,016	787	4,430	909	2,880	132	13	173	323
Oklahoma	6,577	3,801	1,986	11	2	434	343	7,846	626	6,538	22	.....	286	374	103	19	66	3	.....	3	12
Oregon	3,946	2,869	692	22	1	147	215	3,705	562	2,692	92	2	180	177	268	81	131	22	1	11	22
Pennsylvania	66,030	48,576	11,048	358	95	2,928	3,025	27,915	5,058	19,834	529	26	1,392	1,076	2,566	466	1,681	92	6	127	194
South Dakota	2,326	1,543	611	5	2	58	107	1,333	270	962	13	2	34	52	182	32	126	5	1	5	13
Texas	6,238	2,489	2,887	18	1	544	299	17,903	775	15,271	49	3	1,027	778	231	25	172	5	.....	12	17
Utah	579	420	120	1	.....	14	24	674	131	488	4	1	20	30	18	3	12	1	.....	.....	2
Washington	2,348	1,596	566	7	2	75	102	1,884	300	1,401	26	3	75	79	108	34	53	4	5	4	8
Totals	438,601	319,414	80,695	1,780	322	17,291	19,099	282,524	43,541	209,980	4,908	198	12,775	11,122	29,083	5,811	18,955	813	80	1,063	2,361

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including Representative Marion Zioncheck to Congress.

A number of factors place both Washington and Oregon in the doubtful list this year. Federal money has poured into Washington for the development of the vast Grand Coulee power and reclamation project.

Millions have also been spent on the great Columbia River project at Bonneville, which Washington ultimately will share with neighbor Oregon.

Working on behalf of Republicans to offset these factors is a thriving young organization called the Order of Cincinnatus. Originating in Seattle two years ago as a youth movement in which no one could participate who was more than thirty-six years old, the Order already has captured one-third of the Seattle City Council, has pushed forward rapidly in other cities. According to its prospectus, the organization is fighting for "clean, thrifty government," and views with distaste much of the New Deal's spending policy.

Oregon Ballots—Washington's sister State of Oregon also goes to the Kansan in the first returns, by a count of 3,946 to 3,705. And westward, Idaho, where the individualistic, influential William Edgar Borah is campaigning again for his Republican seat in the Senate, goes to the G.O.P. by 1,508 to 994.

Of the remaining Western newcomers, Landon takes Arizona by 683 to 599, Montana by 1,078 to 771. President Roosevelt gets the jump on him in Utah, with 674 votes to 579.

In the Middle West, in addition to Illinois and Michigan, Missouri and South Dakota make their appearance for the first time. In the Show-Me State, where the well-oiled Democratic political machine of Thomas J. Pendergast has Republican State leaders scowling, Roosevelt gets off to an early lead by a score of 7,180 to 6,788.

South Dakota, the more conservative of the "Dakota twins," falls in behind the Republican candidate, with 2,326 votes to 1,333.

Lemke Showing—The Lemke vote this week continues to show that the average American voter apparently prefers to follow one or the other of the major parties rather than toss a protest vote to a third party.

The Union candidate draws 9.5 per cent. of the total vote in Minnesota, 9 per cent. in North Dakota, 6.8 per cent. in Louisiana, 5.9 per cent. in Ohio and 5.3 per cent. in Iowa. Elsewhere, he is below 5 per cent. But more than 65 per cent. of his support still comes from Roosevelt voters of 1932.

One of the most interesting questions of the campaign is: Where will the "first voters" go this year? Democrats and Republicans alike have First Voters' Leagues campaigning up and down the country to capture the 8,250,000 young men and women who will be eligible to go to the polls for the first time in this election. With these first voters presumably dominating the "Did Not Vote" columns of THE DIGEST Poll report, it appears that this group favors Landon so far, the score being 17,291 to 12,775.

Puzzled Pastor—Decisions—for old voters as well as new—are not always easy. From Wenatchee, Washington, a clergyman returns an unmarked ballot and asks:

"Where can a good old-fashioned Liberal walk to these days? . . . While I can go a long way with William Allen White, who has had so much to do with the Landon candidacy, I question whether the less conservative elements can stem the tide of the reactionaries. . . .

"With the aims of much of the now-maligned New Deal I am in sympathy—but the methods give me the chills! . . .

"I don't know much about Lemke . . . but I see something that resembles good old-fashioned non-Russian red when I think of how Father Coughlin stirred up the excitement that defeated our entry into the World Court. . . .

"So I ask you: Where can I walk?"

Next week, the Wenatchee clergyman, and every other reader of THE DIGEST, can see how a million Americans solved that problem of "What to do?"

For next week, the Poll is due to pass the million mark, and blanket the entire nation.

MINOR CANDIDATES

States	Thomas 1936 Votes	Browder 1936 Votes	Colvin 1936 Votes	Aiken 1936 Votes	Others 1936 Votes	Totals	Grand Total Votes By States	States
Alabama	9	1	7	.....	.....	17	4,388	Alabama
Arizona	8	1	2	.....	.....	11	1,316	Arizona
Arkansas	25	2	16	.....	5	48	7,929	Arkansas
California	233	395	136	17	21	802	63,012	California
Colorado	10	5	4	.....	1	20	2,396	Colorado
Florida	19	4	14	3	1	41	6,192	Florida
Georgia	13	6	10	.....	9	38	8,396	Georgia
Idaho	11	1	3	1	2	18	2,584	Idaho
Illinois	59	15	19	3	2	98	18,450	Illinois
Indiana	177	52	126	13	11	379	60,757	Indiana
Iowa	151	44	97	12	4	308	47,163	Iowa
Kansas	10	7	8	1	.....	26	4,019	Kansas
Louisiana	39	13	23	.....	6	81	7,467	Louisiana
Maine	40	11	3	1	5	60	14,100	Maine
Michigan	57	10	21	2	1	91	12,154	Michigan
Minnesota	310	128	149	24	11	622	49,045	Minnesota
Mississippi	13	5	12	.....	.....	30	5,566	Mississippi
Missouri	42	12	14	3	1	72	14,298	Missouri
Montana	10	1	3	.....	.....	14	1,911	Montana
Nebraska	5	4	2	1	1	13	4,525	Nebraska
New Jersey	495	326	73	18	19	931	74,416	New Jersey
New York	563	222	223	18	42	1,068	116,299	New York
North Dakota	6	.....	8	.....	.....	14	1,563	North Dakota
Ohio	283	91	148	30	14	566	74,850	Ohio
Oklahoma	52	10	22	5	1	90	14,616	Oklahoma
Oregon	48	14	23	2	5	92	8,011	Oregon
Pennsylvania	446	102	246	27	17	838	97,349	Pennsylvania
South Dakota	13	8	4	.....	.....	25	3,866	South Dakota
Texas	74	22	32	5	4	137	24,509	Texas
Utah	6	2	.....	.....	1	9	1,280	Utah
Washington	15	9	8	5	3	40	4,380	Washington
Totals	3,242	1,523	1,456	191	187	6,599	756,807	Totals

STRIKE TERRORS: Senators Learn of Gas and Gun Sales for Use in Industrial Fights

Peaceful morning sunlight streamed through eight curtainless windows of the only air-conditioned hearing-room in the Senate Office Building last week. Warmly, it lighted the faces of the ten rows of spectators, reflected from the press tables into the faces of the reporters, brightened the sprawling industrial map of America from Michigan to Massachusetts. The black-headed pins on the map, focus points for every eye, alone refused to respond.

Each pin represented $500 worth of non-lethal gases, riot guns, automatic pistols

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Sam ("Chowderhead") Cohen was a star performer at the Senate Committee hearing

and submachine-guns. As thickly bunched as preprandial black caviar on a canapé were the pins over Eastern Ohio. The Senate's special subcommittee investigating civil liberties was learning how weapons are used to quell strikers.

On a carved wood dais in front of the map sat Senators Robert M. La Follette, Wisconsin Progressive, and Elbert D. Thomas, Utah Democrat. But neither the fiery Progressive nor the learned (Ph. D., LL. D.) Democrat were running the show. The ringmaster was Robert Wohlforth, subcommittee secretary, erect as befits a West Pointer, as pungent in phrase as an ex-newspaper writer should be. "Those black pins," he said, "mean $466,913 earned in 1933, 1934 and 1935 by Lake Erie Chemical Co., Cleveland; Federal Laboratories, Pittsburgh, and Manville Manufacturing Co., Pontiac, Michigan. They made it selling munitions for use in possible industrial disputes."

Black Blob—A reporter standing beside the Senators' dais spoke up. "Why the black blob in Ohio?"

"It's a good district for sales because of the rubber and steel industries there," the $300-a-month Senatorial fact-finder responded.

From his dissertation on the strategy of gas as an important and often-used employers' weapon in American industrial warfare, the slightly-built investigator

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with the flashing brown eyes turned to discussion of the salesmanship and advertising methods of those offering gas and guns.

Taking an advertising sales-talk, he quoted that Lake Erie's new "Universal Candles" contain a sickening gas causing "violent nausea and vomiting, sense of suffocation as if several men were sitting on one's chest, and intense pain in chest and head. . . .

"Once rioters have been subdued with K.O. gas, they will not invite another dose until their memory of the last experience becomes very dim indeed."

Praying for Strikes—Caustically, Secretary Wohlforth told how Lake Erie salesmen wrote into headquarters fervent prayers for strikes.

Example: Herrick Foote, New England representative, forecast a textile strike in a letter of June, 1935. After remarking proudly that Lake Erie's jumper-repeater gas-candles were the "cat's meows," he ended:

"I hope this strike develops and matures and that [*sic*] will be a damn bad one. We need the money."

Stellar performer of this session was Sam ("Chowderhead") Cohen of New York, who has plied the strike-breaking trade for two decades. Truculently, he boasted he would work "for anybody that paid off."

Fifty years old, his great nose battered in some ancient brawl, the bulky, waddling 266-pounder muttered his answers. But when Chairman La Follette asked him about his police record, he snapped:

"I don't think this is the right time to ask a question like that."

SHARE-CROPPER HOPE: Bigwigs of Both Parties Move to Help Tenant Farmer

Into the shacks and cabins of dungareed, down-at-heel share-croppers last week filtered strange and gratifying news: Important men, men with store-bought clothes and money in the bank, even with high official position, were shocked at the plight of the share-cropper and were taking steps to alleviate it.

One of the bigwigs was the President of the United States himself. Another was the Republican candidate for President, Alfred M. Landon.

The President is "gravely concerned with the steady increase in farm tenancy," he wrote to Senator John H. Bankhead of Alabama and Representative Marvin Jones of Texas, who together sponsored an unsuccessful farm tenant bill in the last session of Congress. He asked them to meet him in December to draw up a new bill for the Congress which convenes in January.

At the same time, Governor Landon noted that "To-day, forty-two farms out of every hundred are operated by tenants," and declared that "Our national welfare demands that the situation be corrected."

Rich and Poor—The meeting of the Arkansas Farm Tenancy Commission at Hot Springs gave immediate pertinency to these remarks. Appointed and called together by Gov. J. Marion Futrell of Arkansas, center of the share-cropper problem, the commissioners assembled on the second floor of a fashionable hotel, the gold-domed Arkansas. There, for the first time in the lives of many of them, share-croppers, in their baggy suits and scuffed shoes, rubbed elbows with bankers and prosperous planters.

The weather and the meeting-room were hot; eyes smarted from the smoke of cigars and cigarettes. But far more bothersome than these things was the staggering size of the problem the Commissioners were deliberating.

There are roughly 3,000,000 farm tenants in the United States. In the South, nearly four-fifths of the Negro farm operators are tenants.

The Bankhead-Jones Bill of the last Congress would have lent government money to worthy tenants, at low interest rates and with principal repayable over many years, to enable them to buy farms of their own.

At Hot Springs, last week, the Arkansas Commission gave ear to this proposal and to many others: farm mechanization; subsistence gardens; industrial development. It even heard Governor Futrell propose birth control among share-croppers and sterilization of those who pass into the care of State institutions.

Short, with a mop of white hair, steel-rimmed glasses, rosy cheeks and a fondness for "eating-tobacco," Governor Futrell looks like a kindly old justice of the peace. Vexed by the size of the farm tenancy problem in his State, with its accompaniments of strikes, violence, and, last week, a Federal indictment of an Arkansas planter on charges of violating antislavery laws, the Governor proposes further meetings of his Commission and a general conference representing the whole South.

Editorial Views—Meanwhile, he is being cheered by many Southern editors for tackling the tenancy Goliath head-on. "The share-croppers' conference," says the Boonville (Mo.) *Daily News*, "should go far in creating a better understanding between tenants and landowners."

"A conscientious effort capably manned," says the Conway (Ark.) *Log Cabin Democrat*, in hearty agreement.

But Dorothy Thompson sees menace in one plan proposed to the Hot Springs meeting—that of industrialization of the South, with factories erected through city and county bond issues and occupied rent-free and tax-free for given periods. In her column, syndicated to seventy newspapers by the New York *Herald Tribune*, she writes:

"The first result of such a program, if it goes through, is that these factories will undersell all the rest of the country. A warm climate, which means a low cost of living, plus low wages, plus free rent and no taxes, will be an irresistible combination. Non-Southern manufacturers will have to lower their wages, go out of business or move South. . . . This obviously means a tremendous dislocation of labor and industry all over the United States, and that will inevitably mean labor disturbances in the form of strikes and labor pressure on the Federal Government."

VETERAN FROLICS: Legionnaires and Grand Armyites Cavort at Annual Conventions

The Mademoiselle from Armentières, France, met the cow-hand from Powder River, Wyoming, last week in Cleveland, Ohio. Simultaneously, in Washington, "Marching Through Georgia" and "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" interrupted tales of Bull Run, Shiloh and Gettysburg.

Along Cleveland's Euclid Avenue and Public Square up to the Civic Stadium, more than 1,000,000 persons shouted approval of the Eighteenth Annual National Convention of the American Legion. Already the 1936 ribbon-holder for conventions, the Ohio city found the 90,000 Legionnaires—age average forty-three—more ribald than early summer Republicans, younger than subsequent Townsendites and lustier than recent Coughlin supporters.

Legionnaires were in a festive mood;

Wide World

1936 parade of the boys of 1864 . . . gallant members of the G.A.R.

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bonus payments had made it possible for four times as many members and their families to attend as had gathered at the previous Legion Convention. A mammoth parade and the caperings of the playful Forty and Eight, entertainment impresarios of the organization, set a climactic cap on the spirit of gaiety. Cleveland, host to the Legion in 1920, was glad to welcome it back.

The Old-Timers—In Washington, D. C., nine hundred soldiers of another day—average age ninety-two—"made" the Seventieth Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic. Accompanied by great-grandchildren, grandchildren and history-minded daughters, they filtered into the Mayflower Hotel. In a lobby momentarily free of political fireworks, they shook hands, swapped yarns and showed what old-timers could do.

While the Cleveland Convention stole the head-lines with political speeches, anti-war pronouncements and jubilant misbehavings of Legionnaires, G.A.R. members were content to reap a half-holiday for Government employees, tickle the press with denunciations of the babbling of modern woman, the tooting of automobile horns, and assure the world that next year—do or die!—they would hold another Convention in Wisconsin.

Women Everywhere—Running true to 1936 convention pattern, women played major rôles. In Ohio 50,000 showed up for the Legion jamboree. In Washington, the old boys grumbled against the ten-to-one outnumbering they received.

"These dang women," snapped one defender of Lincoln; "they're louder than the cannons of Gettysburg."

In Washington, 119 veterans of the War Between the States marched; 157 rode in the parade.

In the fore was a stoop-shouldered, white-whiskered drummer boy of ninety who didn't mind undoing the shiny buttons on his broadcloth blue coat in defiance of all Army regulations but in deference to the sweltering sun's rays.

Sic transit gloria belli!

Acme

"Wickey," the famous globe-trotting hat . . . up in the air since May 1

FLYING FEDORA: "Wickey" Brings Good Luck to Planes in Flights All Over World

It was in Hongkong that an astonished Chinese said: "The Right Honorable 'Wickey' is some guy!"

Only seventeen, this prodigy already possesses a Ph.D. in geography, an M.A. in air travel and a B.A. in tag collecting.

This hardy cosmopolite is a Philadelphian by birth. Member of a family of 2,834,865 children, he was delivered by Stetson factories to a St. Louis haberdashery in 1919.

Once a Blue Blood—At that time he was smooth, fashionable and smart. "A blue blood among hats," as the clerk pointed out. Now he is disreputable in appearance, greasy and slightly frayed. Like an Indian chief's head-dress, the lower part of his crown and brim are punctured by a dozen tag-holes.

But it's his character and worldliness that count these days.

"Wickey" started his travels on May 1. His owner, Albert E. Wickey, retired sixty-year-old freight-handler, was wearing him at Lambert Field, St. Louis. Enviously, he watched roaring air-plane motors, impatient passengers, porters carrying luggage. The man wanted to travel; had always wanted to. But now it was too late and too expensive. Besides, he wasn't sure about the air.

Contact—Suddenly snatching the hat off his head, he waved to a friendly pilot.

"Say, I'm never going to be able to go," he panted. "But will you take my hat for a ride?"

Inside the brim he then scribbled a note. "This hat belongs to 'Wickey,' veteran express-handler of St. Louis, Missouri. Retired April 30, 1936. He wore this hat for seventeen years while employed by Wells Fargo and Railway Express Agency."

As the plane started, the pilot was patting the worn felt. "From now on, you'll be known as 'Wickey' to all of us."

"Wickey's" first air experience terminated in California. The newly baptized hat became a mascot for fliers. North, south, east and west, he was passed from cockpit to cockpit; "Give 'Wickey' a ride, boys" grew from a slogan into a legend.

Goes Abroad—Possibilities for further travel in this country exhausted, "Don Luis Wickey" embarked on a tour of Central and South America.

In the Canal Zone, he was toasted at a champagne banquet, serving as combined guest of honor and goblet. Some say his first encounter with the sparkling wine has left him limp ever since.

Hurrying over the Andes, "Herr Heinrich Wickey" became a passenger on the *Graf Zeppelin*, Europe-bound. Within a fortnight, he was shuttled all over the Continent, Asia Minor and North Africa, then taken to India, Australia and China. On the trip from Hongkong to Manila, "Wickey Yen-tu" occupied an honor position in the pilot-house of a Dollar Liner, and then Pan American Airways brought the distinguished traveler to San Francisco. By boat and plane, he was then taken for a quick tour of Alaska, from which spot he is now returning.

Travels Soon Over—"Wickey" will be the guest of honor at the Newark (N. J.) airport as soon as he recovers from the northern junket. His owner has been asked to come east for the ceremonies, but is said recently to have developed a mild case of temperament because of his heavily tagged hat's popularity.

In any case, "Wickey" is destined to hang on a wall in a St. Louis house from next month. But with pilots, his name will always evoke pleasant memories. For while he has been on plane, Zeppelin or steamer, no mishap has ever befallen a craft.

U. S. CAMPAIGN SIZED UP BY BRITONS

How, From Abroad, They Interpret Issues and Possible Effects

Manchester Guardian: "This crop-insurance scheme may have a considerable influence on the elections. For whether this problem is called non-political or not, the fact remains that the States which suffer most from the drought are those which have all along been regarded as the most doubtful between Republicans and Democrats. The South and most of the Far Western States will, it is believed, remain faithful to Mr. Roosevelt. The great industrial belt on the East, which is now enjoying recovery and is opposed to State interference in any form, is expected to vote for Landon.

"The Northwest and Middle West may, therefore, hold the balance. The American farmers have good reason to be extremely grateful to the generous subsidies provided by the New Deal. The way in which Mr. Roosevelt handles the drought problem may thus decide whether he is reelected."

London Daily Mirror (article by Harry Greenwall): "As the time of election approaches, the situation becomes more and more crazy. This is the moment, tho, to take a look at it before the kaleidoscope is given another switch. Here is the way it is: Franklin Delano Roosevelt, a handsome man who looks like an actor and who thinks and works in the motions of the theater, is like the ringmaster in a three-ring circus. The President cracks the whip and the performers, like the music, go 'round and 'round. The circus has had a four-year run. Forty-eight crazy months. Roosevelt has controlled everything, in a manner of speaking. He has fixed prices for wheat and cotton and tobacco; he fixed hours and wages, but nine old men in a Washington cellar [*sic*] unfixed all that, so now the circus is just a little crazier than it was. . . .

"Sixteen million Americans are receiving relief—that is the American name for the dole. But there are 104 million Americans who are not on the dole, and some of these millions are paying for those who are. Those who have to pay don't like Roosevelt. Those who are on relief naturally do. There, in a couple of sentences, you have the American scene to-day. The struggle between the 'haves' and the 'have-nots.'"

Glasgow Herald (article by D. W. Brogan): "A Landon victory would be a sign that the temporary panic of the depression is over, that Americans are again convinced that they are the chosen people,

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free from the problems that have beset and bedeviled the old industrial societies of Europe, ready to pull themselves up by their boot-straps, and those boot-straps 100 per cent. American in material and workmanship. If President Roosevelt is reelected by a big margin, by a combination of the South with the farm States and one or two great Eastern States ruled by Democratic machines, the personal triumph will be great, but the fundamental issues may be avoided until 1940 at least.

"But should Mr. Roosevelt be elected, and obviously owe his election to the economically depressed areas, to the unemployed and to the Left wing of organized labor, then what was in 1932 merely a revolt may by 1936 begin to show signs of being a revolution, a revolution by due process of law, but a revolution all the same."

London Times: "Theodore Roosevelt in his famous 'Bull Moose' program of 1912 advocated 'a more easy and expeditious method of amending the Federal Constitution' in order to bring 'under national jurisdiction those problems which have expanded beyond the reach of individual States.' The program declared that 'the extreme insistence on States' rights by the Democratic Party demonstrates anew its inability to understand the world into which it has survived or to administer the affairs of a Union of States which have in all essential respects become one people.'

"This, of course, is very much what the Democrats are saying to-day about the Republicans. The irony is heightened by the fact that Mr. Landon and Mr. Knox, the Republican candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency, and thus standard-bearers in the opposition to all attempts to expand the field of Federal authority, were enthusiastic followers of Theodore Roosevelt in the 'Bull Moose' movement, and must be supposed to have approved its platform.

"The Democrats, who would like to make political capital out of this change of front, are hampered by the impossibility of reconciling their own present program with their views of twenty years ago. These inconsistencies, however, are not necessarily a matter for reproach. The point to note is that the constitutional difficulty which Theodore Roosevelt realized over twenty years ago has now become the crucial topic in United States politics."

The Economist, London weekly: "In the political field there are two other items of major relevance to the outcome of the election. The more important is the trade-union quarrel and the emergence of Mr. John L. Lewis as the pro-Roosevelt leader of an aggressive industrial unionism. But the more irresponsible Lemke-Coughlin-Smith-Townsend combination—whose policies include inflation, pensions for practically everybody, the wealth shared, every man a king, and no truck with Communism—may have a decisive effect in a few States if it succeeds in tilting the electoral scale away from one major party toward the other.

"The Republicans hope that the Democrats will suffer more than themselves; but it remains to be proved whether those who now shout for this new Union Party will desert their old allegiances when the time comes to vote. It is difficult to tell which party will benefit from the chief economic developments of the year: the drought and business recovery."

Topics in Brief

In this country Presidential elections are pre-Digested.—*Arkansas Gazette (Little Rock).*

How does a dictator feel? Well, you know how you feel when you sit on a cushion and honk for curb service.—*Dayton Journal.*

An observer reports that the Alaskan glacier is receding. Another triumph for the Roosevelt Administration.—*Clyde Moore in Ohio State Journal.*

A world-famed mathematician has invented a new kind of geometry. It won't get him anything in the school we attended. We tried.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Quoddy, Florida canal and WPA are all wonderful in their way, but for sheer ingenuity it's hard to beat these non-political speaking tours.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

People reach out with a mortgage and dig a hole in the future, and when time brings them to the hole, they fall in it. That's a depression.—*Providence News-Tribune.*

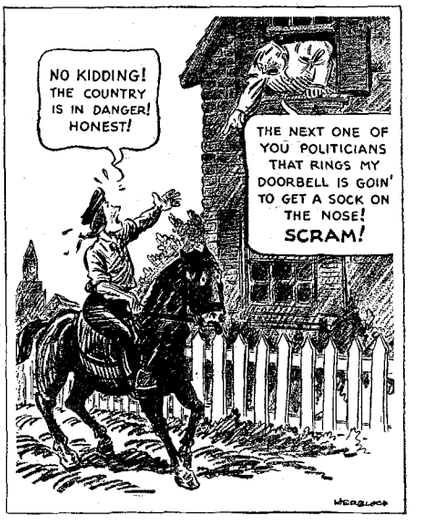
Landon says citizens of this country are living in a fool's paradise. Well, "the greatest good to the greatest number" is one of the major objectives of a democracy.—*Washington Post.*

Forty per cent. of the country's school buildings are unsafe, says one of our educators. Floors which stood up easily under penmanship and geography are found too flimsy for tap-dancing.—*Barron's.*

We trust that Yale will soft-pedal that "'nother little job for the undertaker" song at its football games this fall. Somehow it doesn't seem to harmonize with any motor-fuel broadcast.—*Boston Herald.*

A letter postmarked July 18 in California was delivered in New York State July 17. Which circumstances no doubt will inspire Jim Farley to brag about postal efficiency.—*Manchester (N. H.) Union.*

KNOCK, KNOCK: WHO'S THERE?
—Elderman in Washington Post


NO KIDDING! THE COUNTRY IS IN DANGER! HONEST!
THE NEXT ONE OF YOU POLITICIANS THAT RINGS MY DOORBELL IS GOIN' TO GET A SOCK ON THE NOSE! SCRAM!

IF PAUL REVERE WERE TO VOLUNTEER TO-DAY
—Herblock in Milwaukee Journal

Wallace Beery says "It sure is great to be in a business where you don't have to be educated." It sure is, pal.—*Kansas City Star.*

"Court Decides Teachers Can Wed at Will."—Gazette head-line this morning. Some of our teacher acquaintances demand proof, Mr. Editor.—*St. Joseph (Mo.) News-Press.*

Columbia's Professor Kasner has seemingly proved that the sum of the parts may be greater than the whole. So he can't get the watch back together, eh?—*Atlanta Constitution.*

In a cold-blooded sort of way we rather admire those Spanish revolutionists who staged a spectacular uprising without borrowing any money from *Uncle Sam.*—*Providence News-Tribune.*

Musicians are picketing Broadway movies—demanding that canned music be replaced by orchestras. . . . If they win it is feared the horses will start picketing General Motors.—*Walter Winchell in New York Mirror.*

On his Western trip Mr. Roosevelt had something to say about the beauties of "cooperative boondoggling." A cooperative boondoggler is one who is always ready to lend his shovel to the next fellow.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

As we understand current Administration distinctions a political Presidential tour is one paid for by the National Committee, and a non-political tour is one paid for by the Federal taxpayer. Otherwise there's no difference.—*Troy (N. Y.) Record.*

Haile Selassie is pleased to report that he didn't lose all in the war with Italy, and that only one-third of his kingdom was lost to the invaders. This, however, is purely hearsay on Haile's part; he hasn't been to Ethiopia lately to find out.—*Kansas City Star.*

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CHINA NEEDS GOVERNING, SAYS JAPAN

"Permanent Landing Force" at Hankow Follows New Slayings

Backed by gunboats at tiny Pakhoi, gunboats and a "permanent landing force" at Hankow, and martial law at Shanghai, smiling hard-boiled Japanese Ambassador Shigeru Kawagoe summoned Chinese Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek from Canton to Nanking "to negotiate."

"No hasty action will be taken," said Tokyo. Japan's grievance, for the moment: six Japanese have been murdered and nine wounded in widely separated parts of China in the last two and a half months. No one had been brought to justice.

To Chinese Foreign Minister Chang Chun, Kawagoe handed the list of dead:

July 10, Kosaku Kayau, merchant, his year-old baby in his arms, shot by a gunman in Shanghai.

August 24, Keiji Fukagawa and Kuzu Wanatabe, newspaper men, stabbed to death in a Chengtu riot.

September 3, Junzo Nakano, druggist, killed in his shop by a mob at Pakhoi.

September 13, Japanese consular policeman shot at Hankow.

September 23, Japanese sailor, killed by gunmen at Shanghai.

Snapped Kawagoe: "That no one has been arrested proves what I have maintained: that China's Government does not govern, that it can not keep order or protect human lives."

Another Stab—While Nipponese marines were still panting from their rush to posts in Shanghai streets, and as if to bedevil Kawagoe, a Japanese coolie shinned up a tree in Tokyo, kneed over a window-sill, stabbed an American in pajamas, slashed all the tendons and ligaments of his left arm, fled with a wrist-watch.

Doubly embarrassing, the victim was Erle Dickover, ranking United States diplomat in Tokyo, Chargé d'Affaires during the absence of Ambassador Joseph Grew. Habitual smile replaced by twitching humiliation, Premier Koki Hirota telephoned freshly-bandaged Dickover that he and everybody in Japan, including the Emperor, were sorry—inexpressibly sorry.

Just to show that, unlike China, Japan could do something about it, Tokyo police within twenty-four hours arrested twenty-one-year-old burglar Eishi Konno, in the act of pawning the Dickover wristwatch.

Face saved, Ambassador Kawagoe, in Nanking, could add to his list of dead, Japan's demands.

Unification Plan—Nanking knew already that Kawagoe represents the Japanese Army, was named by the Foreign Office after all other candidates had been vetoed by the Generals.

Nanking knew that the Generals want the five Provinces of Chahar, Suiyuan, Hopei, Shansi and Shantung to weld into an "ideal region": (a) to provide a trading market to Japan and an economic complement to Manchukuo; (b) to prove that, order maintained (by Japan), China can flourish and prosper.

The demand and the reasons have long been known, long expected.

Explained one Japanese officer to Chief United Press Correspondent Miles Vaughn (whose book, "Covering the Far East," appears in bookstores this week):

"We must restore the old trade channels and permit the hides, wool and other products to come into Manchukuo and down to Peiping and Tientsin as they used to. . . . These Chinese in the North need to cooperate with Japan and eventually will come to see that."

Added sleek, round, close-mouthed Lt. Gen. Seishiro Itagaki, Chief of Staff of the Kwantung Japanese army, last week:

"Stabilization of North China is absolutely necessary and the Kwantung army is expected to achieve the stabilization whatever the cost may be."

It was Itagaki, then a Colonel, who exceeded orders in 1931 and began the train of events which gave Japan complete control over Manchukuo and 30,000,000 souls.

To the objection that China should be allowed to solve her own problems, that Chinese hate Japan, that they will never accept her rule, and that the recent murders are evidence of it, Japanese reply:

China has been trying twenty years to solve her problems and is further from a solution than when she began. Not one Chinese in a thousand cares who governs them.

They have known nothing but brutal, rapacious war-lords squeezing the last possible cent from the population, slaughtering and torturing those slow to pay, giving little or no service in return for the money they receive, amassing fortunes for themselves alone.

Anti-Japanese sentiment, they insist, is wholly artificial, created for political purposes by organized professionals, has no source in popular discontent, disappears whenever propaganda is silenced.

America's View—Right or wrong, the Japanese view will this winter be debated against America's traditional view that China should be permitted, even aided, to solve her problems without outside interference.

Until recently the only view in America, this tradition is challenged in "Tortured China," by New York *Times* Far East expert Hallet Abend, as well as in "Covering the Far East."

Clashing War-Lords—Given as cause of China's distress in both books is the war-lord system founded twenty years ago, when old Marshal Yuan Shi-kai dissolved the Republic, tried to make himself Emperor, and in 1916 died, leaving the eighteen Provinces "governed" by Generals unwilling to trust one another, unwilling to accept central authority, unable to keep peace among themselves.

For twenty years, the war-lords, keeping as many as 2,500,000 men under arms and living on the country, have, says Abend, "bled China white."

Many Chinese Agree—Chinese testimony supplements the newsman's view.

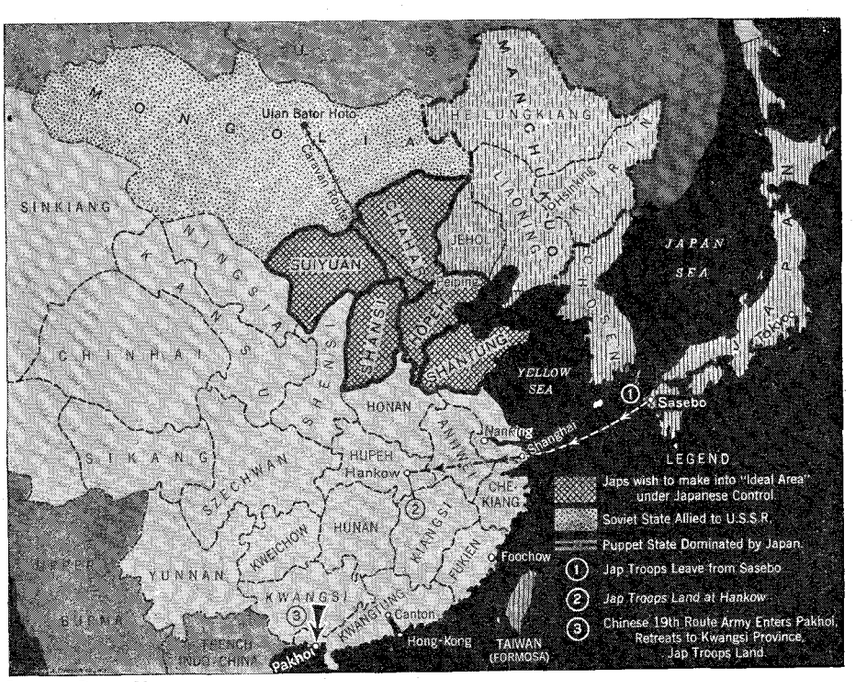
"War-lords have left us nothing but our eyes to weep with," moans one. "They are smashing our bones to suck out the marrow."

Groaned a merchant: "The mandarins (of the Empire) squeezed only coppers out of our dollars. The war-lords squeeze the whole dollars and then demand that we sell our daughters to get more money for them."

Asked on her return from abroad what improvement, if any, she noticed, Mme. Sun Yat-sen, widow of the idealist who died with his dream of a republic unrealized, snapped:

"I have noticed . . . killing of thousands of youths who might have one day replaced the rotten officials . . . hopeless misery of the people . . . extortions laid upon already starving masses."

Typical among countless examples, Marshal Chang Tsung-chang, once ruler of territory now demanded by Japan, with 28,000 starving Chinese at his gates, celebrated installation of steam heat in his *yamen* with a Gargantuan banquet on a



LITERARY DIGEST Map

Map showing Japan's new demands for control of five northern Provinces

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cut-glass service specially ordered from Belgium at a cost of $40,000.

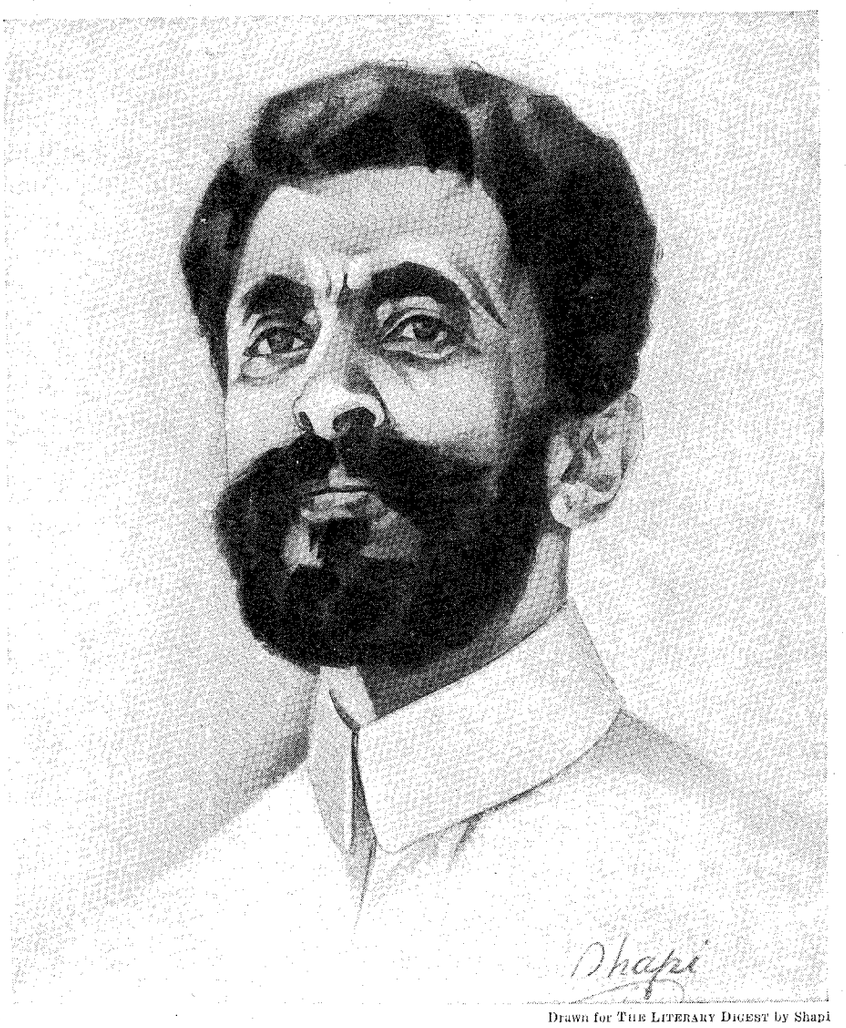
Chang's men had wrung all cash from the population, seized their grain, and their seed-grain, then torn down their mud houses for the wooden beams in the walls. "There was no real shortage of food," says Abend.

Japan's Proposal—Say Japanese officers:

"We will restore the railroads ruined by the war-lords, encourage agriculture (wheat, cotton, wool) and develop the mines. Coal-deposits in the region total ten times all England's coal, now produce annually one-sixteenth as much as England's mines."

Included in Japan's demands is the Hwang-ho Valley, potentially one of China's richest. Of its 30,000,000 population, an average of 2,500,000 are drowned annually by floods or starved by subsequent famines. Springing in Tibet, it flows its last 600 miles through the great northern plain, held between dikes even at low water at fifteen feet above the adjacent rich brown delta-soil. Mountain snows raise its level twenty to thirty feet. Dikes, maintained only by the peasants, yield to pressure; and the plain known for thousands of years as "the granary of the people," becomes a sea.

"The ordinary traveler," says Abend, "will have touched the ten or twelve million Chinese . . . next door to foreign administered areas. . . . But he will know almost nothing of the China where the rest of the 480,000,000 live and toil and suffer . . . will have no conception of the extent to which they are misgoverned and oppressed, nor the extent to which government . . . has practically ceased to exist over nearly one-eighth of the earth's surface."



Drawn for THE LITERARY DIGEST by Shapi

Haile Selassie . . . grateful to an American and to the little Powers who gave him support at Geneva

SELASSIE SCORES: Crashes League Assembly and Wins Hearing in World Court

A telephone bell in the Beau Rivage Hotel at Geneva jangled. London calling. The Ethiopian Legation requested accommodations for Haile Selassie's delegates to the League of Nations Assembly meeting. The manager, aware that their presence in the hostelry which enjoys the patronage of Britain's delegation had annoyed Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden last Summer, responded coldly last week that he had no rooms.

It was only a foretaste of the humiliation which Mr. Eden had in store for the conquered Africans whom Britain had pledged the League to support a year ago. Prof. Gaston Jeze, Haile Selassie's French delegate, got government warning that his continued efforts at Geneva would cost him his job at the Paris Law School. He could not even stay in the Swiss city, so he stopped at a hotel in a village down the lake, across the French border.

In the emergency, the Emperor appealed to Everett Colson, the American financial adviser whose services in mountainous Addis Ababa had aggravated his heart trouble. So ill that he spoke only with difficulty, Colson left a German spa to support the deserted ruler.

Unpleasant Game—The scheme they had to fight was malodorous. Eden and Yvon Delbos, French Foreign Minister, had conceived what John Elliott of the New York *Herald Tribune* called "a bit of jugglery so contemptible that even a Tammany politician might have blushed to be connected with it." To lure Italy, the official aggressor in the Ethiopian war, back to the League it had flaunted, the two statesmen planned to refuse seats to Haile Selassie's delegation.

The grounds: "Ethiopia is not entitled to sit in this Assembly, because the powers which are transmitted to its delegates are given by a Government which no longer has authority over that country."

Under League procedure, the question was destined for the Credentials Committee, an obscure body generally composed of delegates of small States. There, the intriguers met their first setback. Delegate after delegate refused to serve unless Eden and Delbos also signed up for the dirty work. To the amazement of Geneva, the two agreed.

Russian Hand—Their troubles had only begun. Among those who accepted committee posts was Maxim Litvinov, Soviet Foreign Commissar and an intriguer second to none in the diplomatic maze. The Communist had no sympathy for the French flirtation with Mussolini: it meant that in the often-postponed Locarno Peace Conference, scheduled since Germany remilitarized the Rhineland last March, France hoped to play along with Italy, to the Reich's annoyance and the total exclusion of the U. S. S. R., France's ally.

Buttonholing delegates of small Powers in the corridors of the League Palace, holding secret confabs with them in hotel-rooms, Litvinov emphasized what they all knew. Ethiopia's military defeat had left no hope for the last African kingdom. But to its fate at Geneva is linked the fate of every small State which a powerful neighbor may invade and conquer.

At the height of that argument, Haile Selassie, a touching figure in black cloak and derby hat, chartered a fast plane across the Channel from Britain. Arriving at Geneva, he refused an appeal for compromise with an Ethiopian proverb: "It is better to have your head cut off with a sword than sawed off." The note he dispatched to the wrangling Committee struck at the heart of the dispute. "It is for those who contest the validity of titles to prove their invalidity," he said. "Who contests this title?"

Shift to the Hague—Neither Eden nor Delbos would take the responsibility. Italy, which had made the ousting of the Ethiopians the condition for her return, could not. The two schemers therefore decided to shift the question to the World Court, which could not consider it until the Assembly meeting was safely over.

After three days' wrangling, René Massigli, brilliant young member of the French delegation, telephoned Rome for further advice. The reply was a slap in the face. "There is no answer." By that time it had become evident that the small Powers' revolt was so strong that Italy's friends could not carry the Committee. "I must frankly say," Eden informed the French with belated candor, "that if it comes to a

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vote, I shall have to vote to seat the Ethiopians." Delbos thereupon gave up.

The Committee voted to seat the Ethiopians, adding that the decision held good "only for the present session, and nothing is done to prejudice the future."

On the Assembly floor, Britain and France joined thirty-seven other States in the vote for Haile Selassie. Since it was also a vote against *Il Duce*, his allies—Austria, Hungary and Albania—joined Ecuador in voting No. Switzerland, fearful of neighboring Italy, abstained. So, sensationally, did Britain's oldest ally, Portugal, now linked to Italian Fascists by sympathy for Spanish insurgents if not by a suspected secret agreement.

Sulking Fascists—The Italian delegation still sulked in Rome, and French and Britons feared that at any moment the country might leave the League and come out in open alliance with the Reich. To soothe the outraged Italian dictator, Eden and Delbos campaigned to make the unnamed chief of his delegation—presumably his son-in-law and Foreign Minister, Count Galeazzo Ciano—one of the Assembly's Vice-Presidents. Even this gesture proved too raw for the little nations, and the Italian trailed the list of those elected, with three votes—fewer than Litvinov's.

Excepting as a face-saver, the Ethiopian victory was empty: the Italo-Ethiopian "dispute," which had been on the agenda since January, 1935, had disappeared—in violation of League practise, since neither Power had requested its withdrawal.

During the week, the Emperor received a further blow. Belaten Geta Wolde Mariam, his Minister to France and a member of the League delegation, resigned. Then, sad-eyed and with his dark cheeks drawn, he went to the Italian Embassy and solemnly swore allegiance to "His Majesty the King of Italy and Emperor of Ethiopia, Victor Emmanuel III."

Before leaving Geneva for Paris, Haile Selassie publicly expressed his thanks "to all those who collaborated in attaining the Assembly's decision." His public statement mentioned neither Litvinov nor Colson. Yet many accredited Ethiopia's victory to the fact that both Eden and Delbos hesitated to oust publicly the first American delegate to the League.

The Emperor and the small Powers which supported him owed a larger debt to another American. It was Woodrow Wilson's insistence on publicity in international affairs which foiled the Eden-Delbos scheme.

REICH ARMY CALL: Blue Order to Reserves Gives Instructions for Mobilization Day

At 5:15 P.M., on the pleasant first of August, 1914, German officers dashed into Berlin's public squares and read the imperial proclamation of general mobilization. In the farthest Bavarian hamlet, officials warned by telephone posted the notice on public bulletin-boards. Throughout the country, excited men gathered to read or listen, rushed home for their kits, and, obeying instructions issued long in advance, surged toward barracks or railroad stations.

Two hours later, when Germany's war with Russia was announced to crowds delirious with joy, the streets were jammed with soldiers in pointed helmets. Next day, the first troops were pouring into Belgium while civilians in remote villages were still trying on the new field-gray uniforms.

To-day, Germans old enough to remember that exciting time think of it frequently. Millions of citizens from the age of twenty-five—they were toddlers of three in 1914—to forty-five are carrying in their breast pockets, and secretly mull over, a pale blue slip of paper sent to them through the mails this summer.

War Order—The *Kriegsbeorderung* (Order to Take Part in War) begins: "As soon as the mobilization order has been given, you must report on the — day of mobilization by — o'clock in the —— at the ———— barracks, without awaiting a new order. This order serves in lieu of a ticket on the railways to the point where the addressee must report."

Further instructions oblige the holder to store the paper in a safe place, and report its loss under pain of punishment. "The person thus summoned," it continues, "is subject to martial law from the first day of its becoming effective."

If suitable for war use, the reserves are advised to bring along: two undershirts, two pairs of drawers, three pairs of stockings, marching boots, a woolen cover; in winter especially, an underjacket, ear-protectors, gloves with fingers, pulse-warmers. Also army kit, pup-tent, military belt, bread-bag, field-bottle, cooking utensils, knife, fork and spoon. If the articles are still good, they will be paid for in cash.

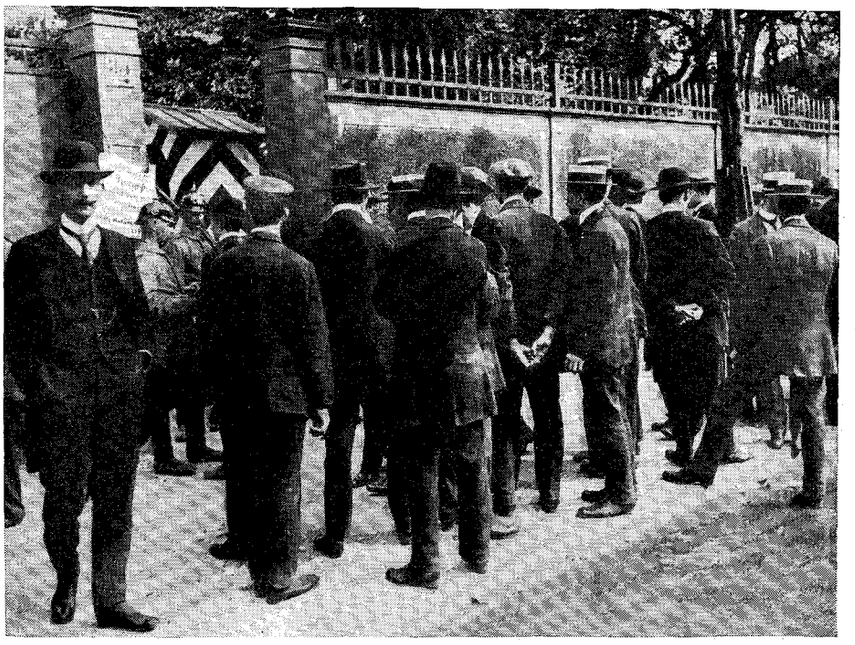
Press Interpretation—"By the beginning of 1940," said *The Reserve Officer* in analyzing Germany's man-power last spring, "the country will have passed 1,200,000 men through their army training, but in comparison with countries like France and Italy, she will be short of fourteen annual classes in her reserves . . . or at least short of ten full classes and part of four more classes. Not until 1954 will she have rebuilt her trained reserves in full."

This, the magazine, published in Washington, continues, explains Hitler's statement that "none of our practical plans will be completed before ten or twenty years to come."

Altho the recipients of the blue orders received them with public enthusiasm, the *Associated Press* reported that veterans who remember the last War worried privately over the slip which, in spite of *Der Fuehrer's* words, seemed to bring the next one nearer.

SPAIN AS SYMBOL: Leftist at Geneva Warns Civil Struggle Represents a World War

While France, backed by the United States and England, launched a drive to stabilize her currency (see page 42) last week, with a view to aiding world recovery and peace, embattled Spain's delegate to the League of Nations—Foreign Minister Julio Alvarez del Vayo—feelingly pictured the "blood-stained soil" of his country as "the battle-field of a world war."



Will history repeat? German volunteers swarmed to barracks in August, 1914

A militant disciple of his radical Madrid chief, elderly Premier Francisco Largo Caballero, del Vayo prophesied that "the era of national wars is rapidly disappearing" before the mighty struggle between the two forces of "democracy and oppression."

As he spoke, the Rightist* forces of Gen. Francisco Franco were slowly but surely creeping up on Toledo, storied pride of the Moorish Empire of the middle ages.

Two days later, breaking through Madrid's land and air defenses, dark-skinned Moorish stalwarts and rough-riding Foreign Legionnaires marched triumphantly into Toledo, after heavy day-long fighting.

A few hours later, Gen. Quiepo de Llano,

*Since Gen. Emilio Mola threatened "summary action" against correspondents who referred to the Spanish insurgents as "Rebels," THE LITERARY DIGEST, to protect its sources at the front, in future will use the terms Rightist and Leftist, the latter for the Government forces.

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Commander of the Seville sector, rushed to that city's powerful radio station and jubilantly announced:

"Spaniards! At this moment I received official confirmation that we completely dominate Toledo, the enemy leaving in the streets over 300 dead and enormous quantities of war material. The Alcazar defenders, heroes the whole world admired, are now with their brother soldiers."

Ten Weeks' Siege—Principal objective of General Franco's drive towards Toledo was the relief of the Alcazar's defenders, who for more than ten weeks defied Leftists' machine-gun fire, dynamite, blazing gasoline and storming militiamen. Altho its last tower crashed under artillery broadsides, the fortress's subterranean caverns and cellars continued to shield hundreds of Rightist men, women and children.

General Franco himself headed the advance, by forced march, towards Madrid and Toledo over the Talavera Road, sweeping in his way the strategic town of Maqueda, forty-three miles southwest of the Capital, and drawing within striking distance of three-mile distant Santa Cruz. Shielded by a barrage of his modern bombing planes, his well-trained tho slender force of about 6,000 Legionnaires and Moors was only momentarily halted when, in a desperate effort, the Madrid Government unleashed the waters of the Alberche dam and inundated the town of San Martin de Valdeiglesias, thirty-six miles west of the Capital.

With torrential speed, the 10,000,000 cubic yards of water rushed down the low-lying terrain, ruining the Rightists' ammunition and weapons and drowning their pack animals. The insurgent advance towards Madrid was hastily reorganized; General Franco's troops quickly rushed and captured Santa Olalla, headquarters of General José Asensio, Commander-in-Chief of the Madrid forces.

Leftist Consternation—The capture of Toledo, reluctantly admitted by Largo Caballero, filled the Madridists with consternation, for the move cleared the insurgents' rear, altho in the southern Provinces of Malaga, Cordova and Granada, their contingents still met stubborn resistance from small Leftist groups.

Hard-pressed, faced with the specter of a food shortage, Madrid's dominant radical forces sent out an urgent call to "every man able to carry a gun or help build defenses," while Communist hotheads prevailed on Largo Caballero's Government to send to the firing-squads other thousands of Royalist and Fascist suspects and prisoners.

Northward Gen. Emilio Mola, Commander-in-Chief of the northern Rightist forces, pressed the siege of Bilbao, on the Bay of Biscay, not far from San Sebastian, which he had captured the week before. Deaf to the pleas of diplomats, churchmen and Red Cross officials, the insurgent besiegers continued shelling the town.

Furious Women—Stories of the butchery at San Sebastian were dwarfed when, infuriated by the random shells of the attackers, Bilbao's Marxist and Red *Carmens*, women militia units, swooped aboard the ship where the Rightist hostages were confined and vented their fury on 210 of them, including thirty priests, whom they tortured with barbaric thoroughness.

Wide World

Gold for bullets . . . a General adds his ring to the pile of golden trinkets

Tho the Paris radical Government of Premier Blum banned trade relations between French and Spanish Morocco because of the unexplained murder of a French citizen in that insurgent territory, General Franco's agent in Lisbon, Portugal, continued to make war purchases and ship them across the border with money obtained by the sale of jewelry and gold contributions from Fascist sympathizers.

Sanctuary—Despite Portugal's lukewarm pledge to respect the non-intervention agreement of other European Powers, her borders continued to favor insurgent refugees and her radio stations kept up the relay of Seville's propagandist broadcasts, according to *La Voz*, Madrid daily.

Strongly championing the cause of the Madrid Government, the Moscow *Pravda*, organ of the Communist Party, declared that "the working people of the world can not remain indifferent and keep silent when the fate of the Spanish people is being decided and when the hirelings of Gen. Francisco Franco are trying to annihilate the free people of Spain with bayonet, bullet, bomb and hunger."

MEXICAN REDEAL: Cárdenas Rejoices at Redistribution of 11,000,000 Acres to Poor

"Every man in every village shall find work, so that human life may be pleasanter, less miserable and nobler in this sense."

With these words, President Lázaro Cárdenas of Mexico, a self-made Tarascan Indian who knew poverty and want in his own youth, launched out his Six-Year Plan two years ago, pledging himself, above all, to a sweeping agrarian reform.

"Land shall be available to the peasants and to all men," he told 16,553,398 Mexicans, "in areas sufficient not only for solving the economic problem of every family by better diet, clothing and housing, but also to permit education of children and adults, and to increase farming production as compared with that obtained and obtainable under the régime of land monopoly in few hands."

Hacienda (plantation) workers, shuffling about wearily in their seedy *sombreros* and ragged *huaraches*, became suddenly electrified with this promise, hailed Cárdenas as their agrarian messiah and saw in his pledges the realization of their dream for *Tierra y Libertad* (land and liberty).

Wide Distribution — Last week, a broad smile mantled the Indian features of the President's placid, pale-brown face, as he beamed over figures showing that, during the last twenty months, more than 11,000,000 acres of *latifundia* (large estate) lands were distributed among the *mestizo*, Indian and poor *criollo* (Mexican-born Spaniard) peasantry. Tho modest and self-effacing, he felt pride at having helped alleviate the lot of the hard-driven *campesinos* (peasants) and former peons who feed mostly on *tortillas* (corn bread) and chili and beans; spend their lifetime in one-room *adobe* or reed shacks, and inhabit their meager garments until they fall in tatters.

Wealthy, pleasure-loving *haciendados*, whose large plantations are managed through iron-fisted *majordomos* while they spend their time in city luxuries, gnashed their teeth with anger and raised the cry of Communism against the Cárdenas régime, accusing it of abetting the labor organizations, that of late have embroiled the country in railway, public utility and even farm strikes.

Previous Shifts—Angrily they pointed out that between 1915, when agrarian reforms were first advocated, and the time Cárdenas became President in 1934, they had already been deprived of more than 21,000,000 acres of their lands.

Deaf to their complaints, Cárdenas goes ahead with his land-parceling program. To show his iron determination, he recently cut short the controversy between the striking cotton pickers of the northwestern Laguna region by announcing through the Mexican Confederation of Workers that the rich lands would be divided among the farm-hands. And he did, fanning the fury

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of the landlords and *Cristeros* to white heat against his Socialist school program and antirich, antireligious policies.

To combat conservative diehards and unyielding landlords, he pushed ahead the program for organizing women's social advancement leagues, made up of mothers and girls over fourteen years old. Each league is directed by a rural school-teacher, who must see to it that children attend school regularly and that the Government's measures for sanitation, antialcoholism and hygiene are strictly enforced. Acting as volunteer *vigilantes* under government auspices, league members compete for special cash prizes and medals for the best showing in the country.

Troubled Peasantry—While President Cárdenas espoused the agrarian reform as a major plank in his platform, the idea itself was first incorporated in Mexican law in the Constitution of 1917 to meet the crying demand of the peasantry, who form 70 per cent. of the population and live off agriculture, lumbering, hunting and fishing. So poor and oppressed were they that at the time of the 1910 Revolution it was estimated rural lands were owned by 836 *haciendas* magnates and 136,855 small ranchers, while three million hungry *peons* lived in virtual servitude together with their families—a mass of 9,500,000 unhappy Mexicans.

At first half-hearted, the move to rehabilitate the peasantry was really crystallized in 1920, reaching its peak under Cárdenas's Administration which, during its first year alone, boosted land distribution fivefold by allotting more than five million acres among 127,467 heads of families at an average of forty-two acres apiece.

Wisely, the Government set up the National Bank of Agricultural Credit to finance the farmers' needs of tools, machinery, live stock and seeds. Fully 6.66 per cent. of the national budget was appropriated to carry out the agrarian program.

Owners Compensated—Based on the principle that all land and water in Mexico belong to the Nation, the law enables the Government to transfer ownership and expropriate by compensating owners at a fixed rate. Any Mexican citizen over eighteen years of age may apply for twenty-five hectares* of irrigable land, a maximum of 100 hectares of dry land, or no more than 500 hectares of grazing land.

The Government may grant land either as a donation or by way of restitution—claims based on documents showing that lands were taken away from their ancestors by force during the Spanish colonial period before the Independence of 1810.

Local Commissions—Charged with carrying out the land program is the National Agrarian Commission which, in turn, delegates its authority to local commissions. Both are responsible to the President. Petitions for either land donations or restitutions are sent directly to the Governor of the State, who must pass on them within ten days.

He then turns them over to the local Agrarian Commission, which investigates claims and grants donations with an eye to the need and good of the community. Such land grants are held in *ejido* (communal ownership) and are parceled among individual members, who may neither sell, mortgage nor rent them until laws are devised to determine final ownership.

Devised primarily for the benefit of landless peasants, the agrarian laws exclude professionals owning land equal to the maximum grants. Also debarred are employees of the Federal, State or village Governments, persons with a capital of about $280 or more, and salaried employees earning more than $21 a month.

*A hectare is equal to 2.471 acres.

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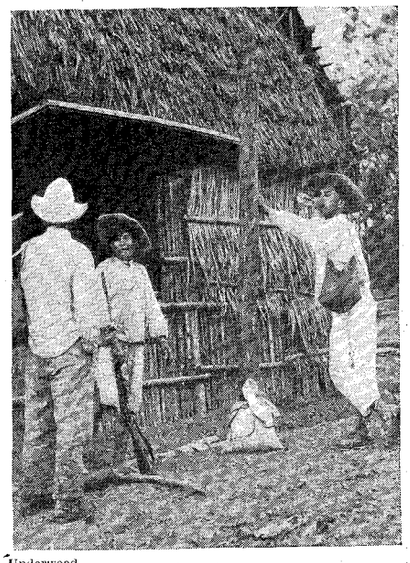

Underwood

Lazaro Cárdenas, Mexico's agrarian messiah, allots land to poverty stricken peasants

MIDDLE WAY: New Swedish Premier Views Socialism as Staircase, to Be Ascended Step by Step

None of the bitterness and slander of an American campaign disturb Swedish politicians' peaceful efforts to win the votes of the populace. In Stockholm, the very election jokes pale in malice—and humor—beside the stories circulated in Washington every four years.

Axel Pehrsson i Bramstorp, husky Agrarian leader who assumed the Premiership last June after the fall of Per Albin Hansson's Socialist Government, inspired a typical campaign yarn. It concerned a man who stopped to admire a farmer's new dog, and asked its name.

"Bramstorp."

"Why Bramstorp?"

"Well, you see," says the farmer, "I'm just keeping it for the summer."

The story indicated the popular suspicion that the Socialists had only resigned to give themselves leisure during the campaign. It proved prophetic.

In the Parliamentary elections last week, Agrarians did not gain a seat, altho they retained their thirty-six in a *Riksdag* of 230. Per Albin's Social Democrats, however, won eight, bringing their total to an unprecedented 112.

Nazis Blanked—Communists, with three new Deputies, still held only five seats, and the Liberals' three new members gave them twenty-seven. Conservatives lost fourteen, leaving them only forty-four. As always, the Nazis, a small group of bank clerks and other white collar workers, could not elect a single Deputy.

The Premier immediately resigned, and King Gustaf gave the post to the victorious Per Albin. A man of little formal education, the Socialist leader as a youth obtained a clerk's job in one of the famous cooperatives which half of Sweden's 6,211,566 inhabitants now patronize at an annual average saving of 7 per cent. Converted to Marxism, he contributed articles to Socialist papers, wangled a job on the party organ, *Social Demokraten*, then switched to Parliament in 1918. Two years later, he became Defense Minister.

Plump, ruddy and jovial, he won an enormous popularity with all classes. Even as Premier, he continued to live in his modest suburban house, riding to his office by street-car. His friends range from day-laborers he beats at bowling—he ranks with Sweden's champions—to the democratic monarch. The two men, both bridge fiends, have the greatest respect for each other's game.

His followers like to think that Per Albin's prowess extends beyond the political horizon. Several years ago, on one of the rare occasions when public feeling ran hot in the country, an opponent took a swing at the Socialist leader. Per Albin immediately shot out a burly fist and dropped his assailant.

In this summer's placid campaign, Per Albin stressed the country's prosperity. His opponents, *bourgeois* Liberals and Conservatives, could not dispute his figures. By a generous public works program, he had cut unemployment from 190,000 to 50,000—less than 1 per cent. of the population. Altho the wealthy grumbled about high taxes, the Socialist pointed out that government monopolies on tobacco and alcohol more than covered the cost of his pension system. The 1936-'37 budget balanced at $525,195,000, with an estimated surplus of at least $13,500,000—and this in a time of almost universal deficits.

Recovery Issue—Politicians split on the question of the country's economic recovery, Per Albin claiming the credit and the opposition holding that Sweden would have come out of the red in any case. "It was only because of recovery," one Conservative argued weakly, "that we could stand you in office."

Per Albin fell last June on the arms issue, when Deputies, frightened by Germany's vast expenditures, voted $37,000,000 for defense. He has pledged his party to respect their decision. He can comfort himself with the thought that part of Sweden's prosperity stems from her long neutrality: since the days when Napoleon placed King Gustaf's great-grandfather, Marshal Bernadotte, on the throne, pacifist Swedes have not had to swell their budgets with war debts and veterans' pensions.

The new Government, which still lacks an absolute majority in the *Riksdag*, will continue to depend on the support of conservative Agrarians. It is to be expected, therefore, that the Socialists will continue

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to carry out their reforms within the limits of the capitalist system, which Per Albin boasts he helped to save. For the placid Swede, socialism is not a hurdle to be taken at one jump. "It is a staircase," he says, "which must be mounted step by step."

In spite of the Socialist victory, Per Albin will keep Sweden on the Middle Way.

INDIA'S SAINT: Gandhi Denies Friction With Nehru, Reasserts Independence Goal

Still weak and trembling from an early September attack of malaria, but still stout-hearted, Mahatma Gandhi, India's saint, is again squatting by his spinning-wheel.

Physicians warned him of danger of a relapse; friends urged him to remain in the Wardha hospital. Clenching his lean and almost toothless jaws, the sixty-seven-year-old gnome quavered:

"Take me home!"

"Home" is a mud-walled, tile-roofed, four-room-and-goat-shed hut among a hundred like it composing tiny Deogoan, "God's Own Village." It is five miles across the marshy fields from Wardha in the Central Provinces, almost the exact geographical center of India. Only a small flagpole distinguishes the Mahatma's abode from the others. Tourists never reach him, newspapers and newspaper men seldom. All day, he spins and thinks. At dawn and dusk, he leads the villagers in prayer. Wife and secretary lodge at Wardha.

Across the fields to his side recently hurried a friend bringing newspaper clippings that had made the round of the world, but that Gandhi had never seen. Resting on his lean haunches and adjusting his iron-rimmed spectacles, he read the interview of May 18 quoting him as declaring:

"My life work is ruined," and naming Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru, wealthy Socialist and President of the Indian National Congress, as his rival.

Denial of Reports—The Mahatma's eyes blinked. With quick, bird-like movements of his scrawny neck and head, he dictated his reply. The spinning-wheel was still; and only the soft munching of the milk-goats punctuated the monotone.

"I have never said anything of the kind, nor uttered one single remark attributed to me in the articles sent to me," he said, and paused. Then: "What is more, I have never entertained the opinion contained in them."

For a moment he ruminated his gums against each other, as old men will, smiling toothlessly:

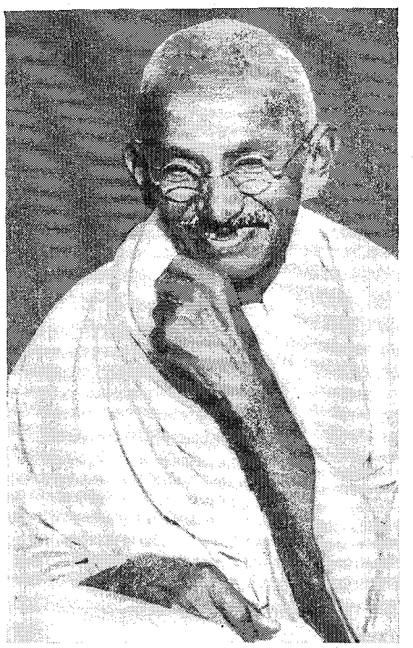
"No doubt there are differences of opinion between us. . . . But we remain the same adherents of the Congress goal" (complete Indian Independence), "that we have ever been." And more sternly: "My life work is not, and can not be ruined by Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru's program. One of the articles presents us as rivals. I can not think of myself as a rival to Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru, or him to me. If we are, we are rivals in making love to one another" (again the toothless smile), "in the pursuit of the common goal; and if, in the joint work of reaching the goal, we at times seem to be taking different routes, I hope the world will find that we had lost sight of each other only for the moment, only to meet again in still greater attraction and affection."

Gandhi pinched a twist of cotton between his fingers and turned again to his spinning, out of politics, he said, for two years of peace and quiet, after which he promises to emerge to public life with a program "more sensational than ever."

Test of New Form—Two years from now, the new Indian Constitution creating a federation with near-Dominion status will have been in effect a year and a half.

Both Gandhi, Nehru and the leaders of all Indian political parties have pronounced the coming Federation unworkable. Nehru denounces it as "a charter of slavery," instructs his followers to take office only to practise obstructionism, and adds:

"The only solution of India's problems lies in socialism involving vast revolutionary changes." Violent revolution, however, he opposes.



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Gandhi is spinning in "God's own village"

Following its present time schedule, the Federation will come into effect by degrees. January and February will see elections to the Provincial Legislatures. By April, the Constitution will be effective, and later, perhaps in early 1938, Edward VIII, crowned at home and appearing at Delhi as King-Emperor, will, amid the incomparable pomp and pageantry of the Durbar, "receive the homage of India's peoples."

By that time, if he still lives, Gandhi will emerge from retirement with plans which, "like a good general," he declines to disclose.

Meanwhile, such rulers of the 200 semi-independent feudal Indian Principalities as rate a salute of nine or more guns have been startled by delivery at their doors of impressive, red-sealed missives from Delhi.

Tall, square-jawed, Scottish gentleman-farmer, bull-breeder, and corporation director, Viceroy the Marquess of Linlithgow, signed the letters. They remind the rulers, in courteous and formal language, that they are to cooperate, and with no delay, with the Central Government. The Viceroy has no doubts that the Constitution is a practical, workable document.

By the India Act of August 2, 1935, which authorizes the Federation, the Princes were left free, or so they thought, to make individual treaties of adherence to the coming State. Chuckling among themselves, they assumed at the time that the provision was specially designed to enable them to stave off the evil day, practically forever. No such illusion was left to them after reading Lord Linlithgow's crackling summons to action.

It notified them that early this month, an Englishman, a Scot and an Irishman, armed with full powers from the Viceroy, will call on them, Gaekwars, Maharajas, or whatever they may be. "To facilitate the tastes of the rulers in reaching a decision," the document reads. It means: with treaties to be signed on the dotted line.

Sir Courtney Latimer, Agent General of the States of Western India, is the Englishman; Secretary to the Government of India Arthur Cunningham Lothian the Scot; Francis Verner Wylie, Resident Agent at Jaipur, the Irishman.

Differing Terms—"Experienced senior political officers," they are called by the British in the Indian Service. Behind their backs, the native rulers call them and their aids "spies."

The whip-cracking note from Delhi has convinced the rulers that the mountain of legal red tape they had heaped up with the aid of expensive legal counsel for the purpose of delaying acceptance of the hated treaties is useless; that what will really cut the red tape is an equally high mountain of evidence in the hands of the Viceroy, showing official corruption and private debauchery in the courts of most, if not all, of the princely rulers.

Powerful Viceroy—Already, Linlithgow has used this material with shocking bluntness in bringing them to terms. "Uncooperative" rulers, peremptorily summoned to Delhi after stalling off British officials, have been confronted with *dossiers* which, if known in their respective realms, would blow them off their thrones. Now, when the Viceroy whistles, they jump through the hoop; and nobody doubts that the treaties will be signed in plenty of time.

All but Defense and Foreign Affairs are to be handed over to the Government to be thrown together from the hodgepodge of religions, races, Oriental monarchies and self-governed States of the Federation. Government, after all, comes down to the disposal of money, and as defense and debt eat up 80 per cent. of Indian revenue, little will be left for the Federation to play with.

Tho parliamentary, the Government will not be strictly democratic. To the Council of State, or upper house, 260 members will be elected for nine years by 100,000 out of India's 350,000,000 (one-fifth of the world's population). To the lower house, 375 members will be elected for five years by men and women, restricted by property qualification to 14 per cent. of the population.

Eighty-six per cent. will have no voice. Justification: 92 per cent. are unable to read any of India's 200 languages.

Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru plans that the Federation shall fail and be succeeded by a completely independent, socialist India.

Gandhi, spinning away in his hut, dreams of an independent India of small villages, rejuvenated by cottage industries, privately owned, and with scarcely any government at all.

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"MICKEY MOUSE" IS EIGHT YEARS OLD

Disney's Squeaky Star Played to 468,000,000 in 1935

Eight years ago this week, an unsuspecting audience sat in New York City's Colony Theater viewing a movie romance entitled "Lonesome," starring Barbara Kent and Glenn Tryon. As a filler, the management ran in a short animated cartoon bearing the title "Steamboat Willie." It introduced a shrill, capering India ink character billed as *Mickey Mouse*. The audience expressed restrained approval, unaware that it was witnessing the beginning of a success story unparalleled in Hollywood history.

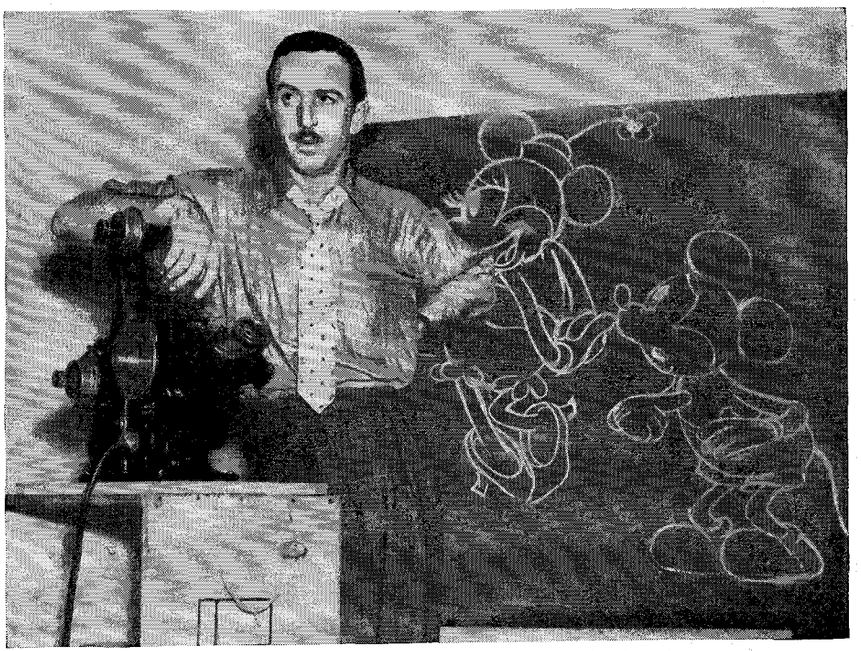
The date was September 28, 1928. This week, *Mickey Mouse* celebrates his eighth birthday, friskily aware that he played to 468,000,000 paid admissions last year, that the League of Nations has pinned a medal on his chest, that his ubiquitous likeness penetrates the great American home on cereal boxes, chinaware, toys, candy, jewelry, baby pants, belts and a thousand other items. Through it all, *Mickey Mouse* has kept his head, remained a fantastic, unpretentious, squeaking personality with a heart of gold. His creator, Walt Disney, has seen to that.

Grown Up—At the mature age of eight, *Mickey Mouse* is not completely the child of whimsy he started out to be. Fantasy could not be laid on too thickly in early Disney scenarios; gag followed gag in whimsical procession. There's not so much of that to-day. *Mickey Mouse* has grown up as a character. For quite practical reasons, as will presently appear, *Mickey* abhors tobacco, uses no expletives, shuns liquor, comports himself with Algeresque probity. His smart-Alec tendencies are ruthlessly supressed. He is never permitted to become cruel or arrogant. If *Mickey* hurts the feelings of another character, he gets his come-uppance at the end of the reel. A by-product of Disney's watchfulness is almost complete freedom from censorship troubles. (Exception: *Clarabelle Cow* wore a brassière in a milking scene, following protests by Ohio censors.)

Less well-known to the general public than his famous brain child, Walt Disney, at thirty-five, is something of a Hollywood legend. Shy, slight, dark, Disney rarely attends movie parties and is not well known personally in the colony, tho his name is magic. He dresses informally but detests "artiness." Magazines which attempt to explain *Mickey Mouse's* phenomenal success in such abstractions as symbolism, rhythm, dynamics, fluidity of line, are barred from the Disney studio to protect his staff from introspection.

Garage Mice—Obsessed with the idea that animated cartoons could be made to pay, Walt Disney set up shop in Kansas City on his return from ambulance driving service in the World War. A local theater owner with a chain of three houses contracted for a series of cartoons, current events turned into animated form. Disney turned them out in an empty garage, alone with his drawing-board. But not quite alone. The barn-like structure was enlivened with the scamperings of mice. Friendly, inquisitive, companionable, they helped relieve the tedium of Disney's long hours. One gentlemanly frolicker, more daring than his fellows, became the artist's particular pal. With characteristic Disney whimsy, the rodent was dubbed *Mortimer Mouse*. Soon the *Mortimer* was dropped for the more friendly *Mickey*. This early flair for alliteration endures to-day in "Silly Symphonies," *Donald Duck, Pluto the Pup, Clarabelle Cow*.

In 1923, Disney and his brother, Roy, $500 capital in their pockets, went to Hollywood. Soon Walt was producing "Oswald the Rabbit" for Universal. It was a success, but *Mickey Mouse* still frisked tantalizingly in the back of Disney's memory. In time, he produced two animated cartoons starring *Mickey*. Both flopped dismally. Exhibitors wouldn't touch them. For they were silent productions, and by 1928 sound had come to stay.



New antics for "Mickey" require conference and blackboard study

Scrapping the two productions, Disney produced "Steamboat Willie," with sound effects. He himself was the squeaking voice of *Mickey Mouse*, as he is to-day. Other impersonators may be hired for various rôles in Disney productions, but nobody can hire *Mickey Mouse's* voice away from him.

To-day, four hundred employees are required to turn out a *Mickey Mouse* cartoon and a "Silly Symphony" each month. Of these, some 300 are artists, thirty-five in the story department, most of the others musicians, sound crew or cameramen. The animated cartoon industry stubbornly resists mechanization. A short feature running six minutes on the screen is a composite of 10,000 individual drawings. The industry still cries for the genius who can provide a substitute for the draftsmen.

Demand for animaters so exceeds the supply that Disney sent representatives to interview 1,000 applicants in New York last March. With about 100 of these applicants, Disney founded a temporary school; twenty artists received diplomas in the form of a contract to work at the Walt Disney Hollywood sudio.

Animaters are aristocrats of the profession; then come "in-between" men, inkers-in, opaquers. Cartoons are animated by photographing drawings, each succeeding sketch showing the characters' limbs in positions slightly further advanced. Sixteen drawings are needed to show *Mickey Mouse* taking a single step. The animater makes drawings 1, 8 and 15, showing *Mickey* at midpoint and extremes of motion. The in-between man fills in the supplementary drawings which smooth out the action.

Original drawings, done in pencil on white paper, then go to the inking-in department. Here they are traced on transparent celluloid sheets, the backs filled in with opaque whites, blacks and grays to give substance to the line drawings. If it is to be a color production, tints are used instead of grays. Each drawing is carefully numbered and photographed in sequence.

"Cells," trade slang for the transparent sheets, are laid one on top of another over a background drawing. Half a dozen cells may be used in a single scene, one showing *Mickey Mouse's* body, another his hands, legs, feet. Thus the limbs can be animated without repeating the body drawing each time.

Three Fingers—Master layout sheets insure uniformity in drawings, save time in figuring animations. If *Mickey Mouse* is called upon to clench his hand into a fist, the animater finds that bit of action already sketched on the layout sheets. Hundreds of repeated motifs are thus represented. *Pluto the Pup*, wrinkling his nose, worries the organ through four stages designated as the "sniff cycle." Close study of a *Mickey Mouse* film will reveal that he wears gloves with but three fingers and a thumb. The missing digit saves Disney several thousand dollars a year in artists' time.

Not all bits of animation can be thus standardized. When a fresh problem occurs, the animaters retire to a conference room, gravely dance together, shadow box, play the trombone, while artists soberly take note of their gyrations. Penguins may be brought in to capture their authentic waddle, a turtle imported to observe how it snaps.

Walt Disney does little of the actual drawing, but his influence is supreme in the story department. Three musicians sit in at story conferences known as "gag

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Walt Disney found it necessary to start a school to train artists

sessions." It is their duty to select sound effects which will synchronize with the action. If *Mickey Mouse* tap-dances, his toes must strike the floor in perfect rhythm. Musical beats are carefully plotted, calculated to fall within designated frames of the picture which animaters must rigidly respect in making their drawings. Sound tracks are recorded after the drawings have been filmed and dubbed in on the master negative.

Side-Lines Pay—Costly tho they are to produce, animated cartoons do not bring the big money returns chalked up by Hollywood's superproductions. But they have found in their back yards a private gold-mine all their own, toward which the biggest Hollywood studios cast a jealous eye. In Disney's case, this gold-mine functions under the name of Walt Disney Enterprises, administered by Kay Kamen, Ltd., and both organizations are unique in the history of corporate structures.

It all began casually enough a few months after *Mickey Mouse* made his début. A few manufacturers began writing in requesting permission to use *Mickey's* trade-marked countenance on dolls, toys, clothing. By 1932, Disney had licensed some fifteen manufacturers to the use of his character. In that year, he began distributing through United Artists.

Sensing golden opportunities, a shrewd merchandising man was called in to take charge of Walt Disney Enterprises. He was Kay Kamen, who to-day, as head of Kay Kamen, Ltd., apportions *Mickey Mouse* licenses to more than a hundred manufacturers turning out a thousand different products. In four years, he has increased this phase of Disney's business 10,000 per cent., and it is no exaggeration to state that Walt Disney Enterprises has become the tail that wags the mouse.

Merchandise—In the dime stores you can purchase a piece of *Mickey Mouse* jewelry for ten cents; in an exclusive shop you can buy the same item, set in platinum, for $290. Between these price extremes, *Mickey Mouse* merchandise includes toy dishes, candy, moccasins, musical instruments, song sheets, chinaware, rubber boots, mirrors, play suits, tumblers, drawing sets, corn-poppers, radios, cookies, rubber stamps, lunch kits, blocks, greeting cards, a soap, electric trains, games, books, balloons, shirts, dresses, an endless array of other items. They are all listed in an elaborate catalog which Kay Kamen sends out to 25,000 purchasing agents for chain, department stores, small town businesses.

In eight months, the Ingersoll Watch Company sold 1,000,000 *Mickey Mouse* watches at $2.95. This year, its fourth with Kamen, it expects to dispose of 1,125,000 units. General Foods last year distributed 6,000,000 *Mickey Mouse* cereal bowls as box-top premiums. One of the shrewdest of recent merchandising ideas was the use of *Mickey Mouse* cut-outs on Post Toastie boxes. Latest Kamen enterprises: purchase of *Mickey Mouse Magazine* from its founder, Hal Horne; closing of a contract with Libbey-Owens Glass Company for the distribution of *Mickey Mouse* tumblers by the million.

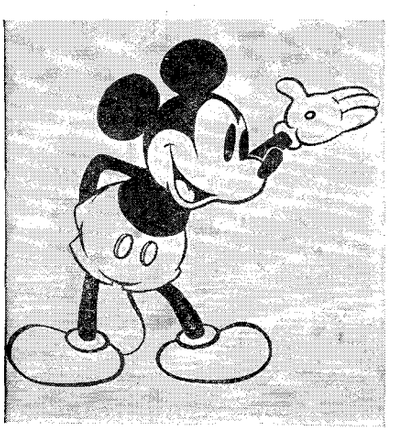
World-Wide—Kay Kamen, Ltd., is a clearing-house for ideas. He has offices in Canada, Australia, London, Italy, Spain, Paris, Denmark, Portugal which license foreign rights to *Mickey Mouse*. A successful Australian merchandising idea immediately becomes available to American and European subscribers. Kamen maintains a staff of thirty-five in his Rockefeller Center office, including artists who design packages, advertising, promotional matter. Disney royalties are trifling per unit, but turnover runs into several millions yearly.

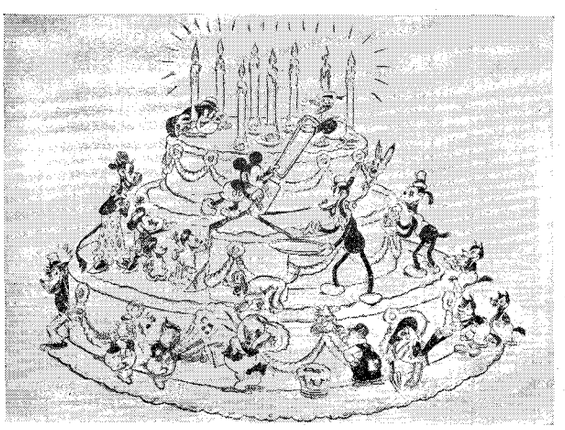
Walt Disney himself has headquarters in Hollywood, keeps in close touch with the business. Roy handles executive details. Rivalry there is, both within and without the Disney organization. Within the last year, *Donald Duck*, a ferociously funny animated quackling in *Mickey Mouse* comedies, has emerged as a serious contender for *Mickey's* popularity crown. Disney, of course, by no means has the animated cartoon field to himself. Most formidable rival: Max Fleischer, who releases *Popeye the Sailor* and *Betty Boop* through Paramount.

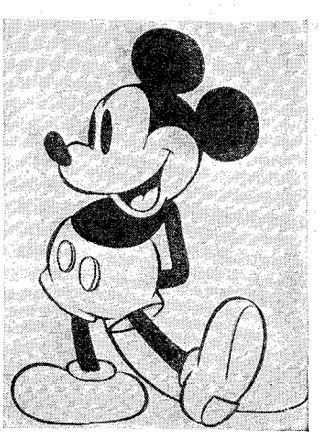
New Project—Always a restless experimenter, Walt Disney's most ambitious project is now taking shape in his Hollywood studio. It is neither a *Mickey Mouse* nor a "Silly Symphony" release, but a full-length animated feature in colors designed for the carriage trade. Its working title is "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." It will flicker on no screen for two full years. Disney has allowed that period for completion of the necessary drawings!

GLAMOUROUS ROLE: Tallulah Bankhead Shines in "Reflected Glory" by Pulitzer Prize Dramatist

First new play of the season on Broadway to impress audiences, send critics flipping through dictionaries, is "Reflected Glory," a play written long ago by George Kelly, Pulitzer Prize dramatist noted for his excellent character creations. The play has been dressed up for Tallulah Bankhead. The morning after it opened, Miss Bankhead was accorded a personal triumph, but critical comment was discouraging about







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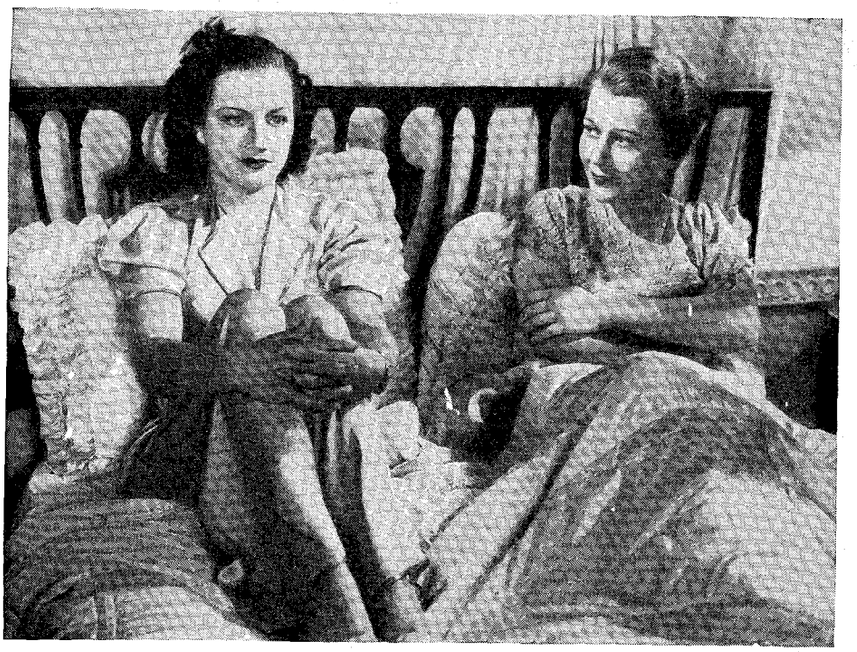

Gladys George (right) scores in a moving story of Louisiana fancy women

the play. Most critics believed Kelly had slipped, called it a manufactured item difficult to believe.

In it, Miss Bankhead is a temperamental actress who has unusual success and glamour on-stage; is discontented, romantically unsuccessful off-stage.

It required of her a consistently brilliant performance, and she gave it, playing the rôle with gusto when the play turned weak, holding back when the play was running strong.

The first play of the season to receive any notable critical attention at all, it still remains a disappointment as a vehicle, but an engaging, interesting opportunity for Miss Bankhead to score.

Hollywood Victory—Business stroke: Realizing the necessity of trying to play out-of-town before submitting it to Manhattan audiences, Miss Bankhead flew cast and director to Hollywood. There she played it for seven weeks, during which the whole film colony saw it and her. They didn't like the play, but they liked her. The result is an offer for her to play the rôle of *Scarlett O'Hara* in the film version of "Gone With the Wind." Many Southern cinema actresses, who had been dressing up their accents for the coveted rôle, retired in disappointment, bit their nails in rage.

Richard Lockridge, New York *Sun:* "By a happy, if not particularly astonishing coincidence, Miss Bankhead plays in it, giving a vivid performance for upward of two hours and so almost concealing the fact that Mr. Kelly is not in one of his more animated moods."

ELOQUENT TRAGEDY: A Star Steps From Comedy in "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie"

No motion-picture in many months has aroused the advance comment fired by "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," cinema version of a popular novel of the same name. Barry Benefield, author of the novel, trod an ancient way when he set out to humanize the story of a Louisiana fancy woman.

Authors in legions before him had chosen heroines from the same profession. It is an axiom that when no other plot presents itself, a writer safely and successfully may glorify a town harlot.

Benefield, writing from interest rather than plot-hunger, told the story of *Carrie Snyder*, the disgrace of the town of Crebillon, Louisiana.

He told it simply, straightforwardly, and therefore with infinite pathos. Into *Carrie's* startled keeping, two waifs came: a simple country boy of twelve, a square-jawed, determined little girl of six.

She reared them, educated them, took them away from their squalid surroundings and her damaging reputation. In New York, she became a merchant queen, owner of a string of cleaning and dyeing shops. Wealthy, she showered culture and easy living on her wards, fearful always that the past would rise to torture them and take away their happiness.

New Star—Her own recordings of triumphs and disasters made, in fiction, a moving story.

At the exact point where Mr. Benefield's artistry halted, it is possible to say that the cinema picked up and took charge of the plot. Paramount, with a new star, Gladys George, has made a superbly wrought, deeply affecting film.

Miss George is majestic in the rôle of *Carrie*. After success in the theater in richly comic rôles, she becomes, for the motion-pictures, a star of eloquent tragedy.

No actress ever is called on for more troublesome work than that of playing a rôle which requires her to age through the years. Invariably, when playing a young woman, she will bounce about capriciously like a rubber ball in a fountain jet, and she will arrive at respectable middle age weighted down with masses of gray hair, clutching bony fingers around a cane.

Miss George shrewdly escapes these extremes, and her performance sets alight a motion-picture immediately to be placed at the head of the list with distinguished modern films.

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA—"Romeo and Juliet"; "The Green Pastures"; "San Francisco"; "The Gorgeous Hussy"; "Swing Time"; "The Devil Is a Sissy"; "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie"; "Dodsworth."

AAA—"Fury"; "The Devil Doll"; "Suzy"; "Piccadilly Jim"; "Girls' Dormitory."

The ratings are: *AAAA*, Excellent; *AAA*, Good; *AA*, Acceptable, and *A*, Poor.

BOOK TO CINEMA: Goldwyn Adds "Dodsworth" to List of Novels Successfully Screened

Sam Goldwyn's few films a year almost invariably are based on extraordinarily successful plays and books. He instructs his staff to follow the structure of those successes, with the result that, in the main, his product is exceptional.

He made a better motion-picture of "The Children's Hour" than it was a play. He turned Sinclair Lewis's "Arrowsmith" into an important photoplay. Standing firmly with these is "Dodsworth," a film which uses the best of the novel, the shape of the play and emerges as a winning production.

Broadway Hit—The play, with Walter Huston in the title rôle, was a hit on Broadway for two years. When Goldwyn bought the film rights, he arranged for Huston to play the part again. In a small but stunning rôle in the theater was Mme. Maria Ouspenskaya. She was on-stage three and a half minutes, and no audience ever forgot her.

The same vivid reaction will be experienced by film audiences.

Ruth Chatterton, long complaining that the cinema insisted on casting her in saccharine rôles which as often as not didn't make sense, was eager to play the unsympathetic, unpleasant rôle of *Dodsworth's* wife.

Goldwyn gave her the rôle, she justifies her complaints. She is better in it than in all the sugary rôles she ever has played.

Mary Astor, in the rôle of an interloper, is beautiful, shows only fleeting signs of the strain she was under when the film was made. She was working all day in the studio, then appearing at night sessions of the trial which resulted in her gaining custody of her daughter.

Anti-Fascist touch: the luxury liner used in the stage play was the *Bremen*. In the film it is the *Queen Mary*.

Critical Opinions—Press comment thus far has been unrestrainedly favorable:

Leo Mishkin, New York *Morning Telegraph:* " 'Dodsworth' has been brought to the screen as a wise, warm and infinitely compassionate document of domesticity."

The Hollywood Reporter: "A distinguished aggregation of talent contributes to making this penetrating study of late married life a vivid dramatic document."

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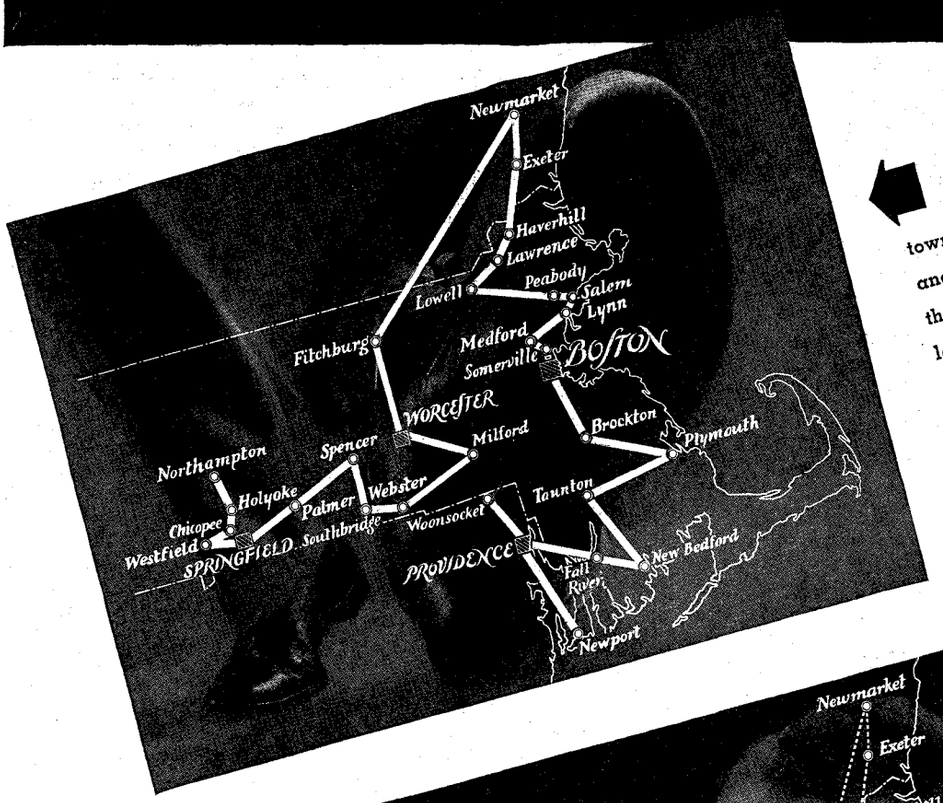
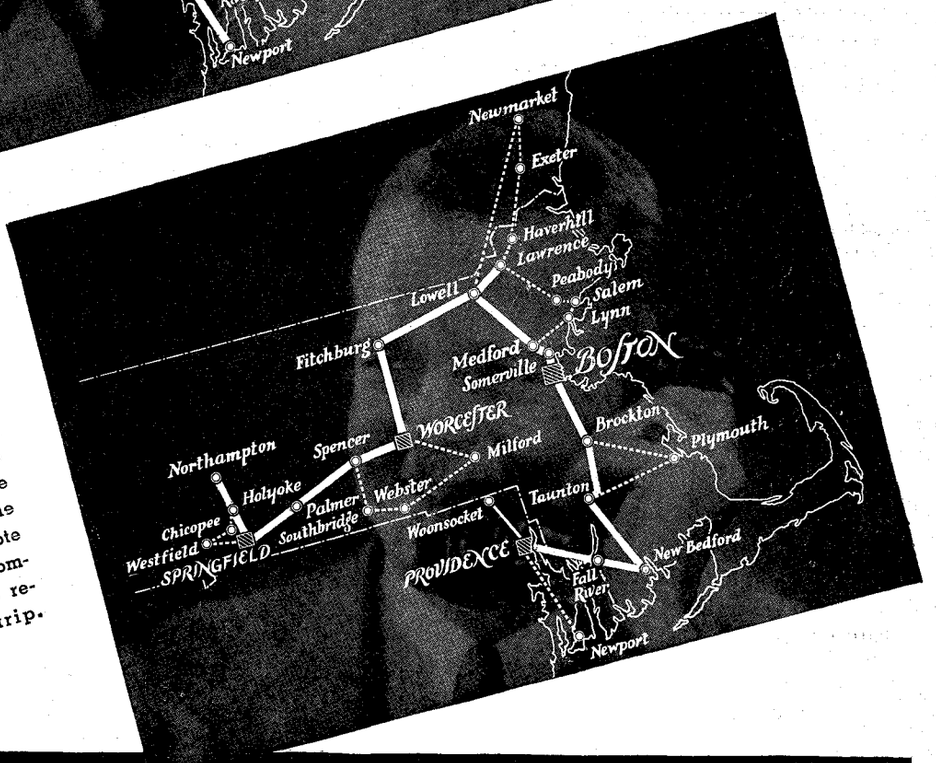
SAME SALESMAN—SAME TERRITORY—but what a difference in RESULTS!



On this trip, a salesman traveled from town to town covering each customer and prospect. As indicated by the wide line on the map at left, he visited 111 customers in 31 towns. A careful check showed that 30% of the visits were non-productive because the customer could not be seen or was not in the market at the time.

On this trip, the salesman telephoned customers and prospects each afternoon in order to plan his next day's work. 34 visits proved unnecessary (because orders were received by telephone or customers away) and 14 towns were eliminated (see dotted lines on map). The salesman secured 15 telephone orders and was able to devote more time to his best customers. Four days less were required for this sales trip. Telephone cost, $30.15.



THE FACTS and figures in this advertisement were reported by a wholesaler of house furnishings. They demonstrate again that—although nothing can entirely replace personal visits—the intelligent use of toll telephone service saves a lot of leg work and lobby-sitting—permits more productive selling. . . . You can quickly and profitably prove it in your own business.

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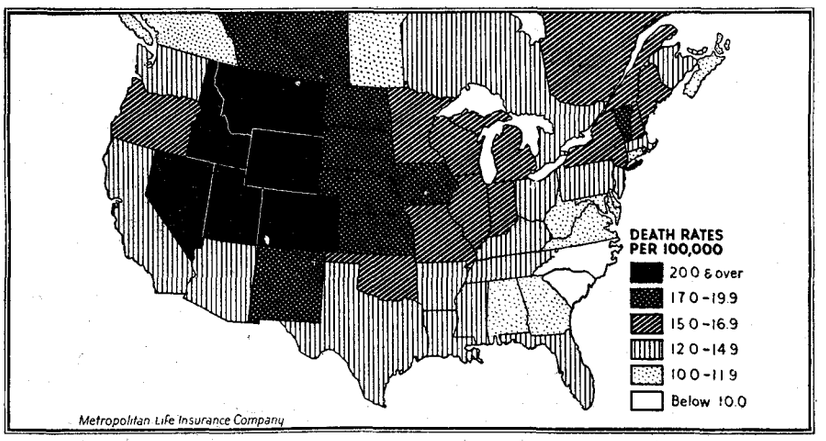
CAMPAIGN TO CUT APPENDICITIS TOLL

Disease of a Useless Organ Still Kills 18,000 Yearly in U. S.



Geographic distribution of appendicitis death rate in United States and Canada

WARNING

In the presence of abdominal pain:

Never give a laxative,
Give nothing by mouth,
Apply ice-cap or hot-water bottle,
Call your family physician.

Abdominal pain which lasts over six hours is usually serious.

Three hundred thousand stickers with that warning, on drug counters and doctor's bills, surprized Philadelphians a couple of years ago when the Philadelphia Department of Public Health, alarmed at the rise of deaths from appendicitis, decided to do something about it.

Druggists were urged to cooperate in advising the public against self-treatment. Physicians were urged to get appendicitis victims to the hospital without delay. Surgeons were urged to operate at once, to prevent death-dealing peritonitis, if possible.

Result: the death rate from appendicitis began to come down in Philadelphia, whereas, elsewhere, it continued to rise.

Statistical Survey—Last week, statisticians of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, completing figures, found that Philadelphia's victory was spreading.

Other cities had taken up the campaign. Medical magazines, stirred, urged all physicians to cooperate. Doctors ceased prescribing purgatives for "stomachache." The Nation's death rate from appendicitis dropped from 14.3 per 100,000 in 1931 to 11.5 in 1935.

But appendicitis still kills 18,000 Americans yearly, despite science's insistence that such a figure is unnecessary. "Within strict limits, there should be no deaths from this cause," Dr. Charles Gordon Heyd, New York authority, wrote recently in the *American Journal of Surgery*.

The *vermiform appendix* is a small, worm-shaped, useless organ attached to the colon at the point of juncture between the large and small intestine, found only in man, anthropoid apes and an Australian bear-like marsupial called the wombat. These animals may suffer from appendicitis occasionally.

Inside the appendix, a small tube, emptying into the intestine, sometimes gets kinked, twisted or plugged. Infection may then cause inflammation of the delicate lining. The appendix becomes stiff with liquids that can not be expelled.

The victim feels a severe, colicky pain that comes and goes. It is often accompanied by nausea. The abdomen usually is sensitive to pressure, and there may be a slight fever.

Possibilities—Such an attack, reports Doctor Heyd, ends in one of three ways: 1. The opening into the intestine may become cleared, permitting drainage and relief. 2. The appendix may "burst." 3. Gangrene may set in.

Of these possibilities, the commonest and most dangerous is bursting or perforation, spraying the infected liquids of the appendix on the sensitive lining of the abdomen. There are about 16,000 square inches of peritoneum in the abdominal cavity, an area equal to the total surface of the body. When it becomes infected, inflammation spreads rapidly, often with fatal result.

The body normally takes measures to limit the danger. When infection reaches the deeper tissues of the appendix, the pain becomes constant, usually localized on the right side. Simultaneously, all normal digestive movements of the intestine stop. The tissues surrounding the diseased organ throw out a thick, plastic exudate, which serves as a protective barrier to the spread of peritonitis, should the appendix burst.

Permitted to operate without interference, these natural protective measures will frequently limit the infection. But seldom are the patient and his relatives content with inaction. If a cathartic is given, it starts renewed intestinal activity. This may hasten the bursting, scatter the infection through the peritoneal cavity.

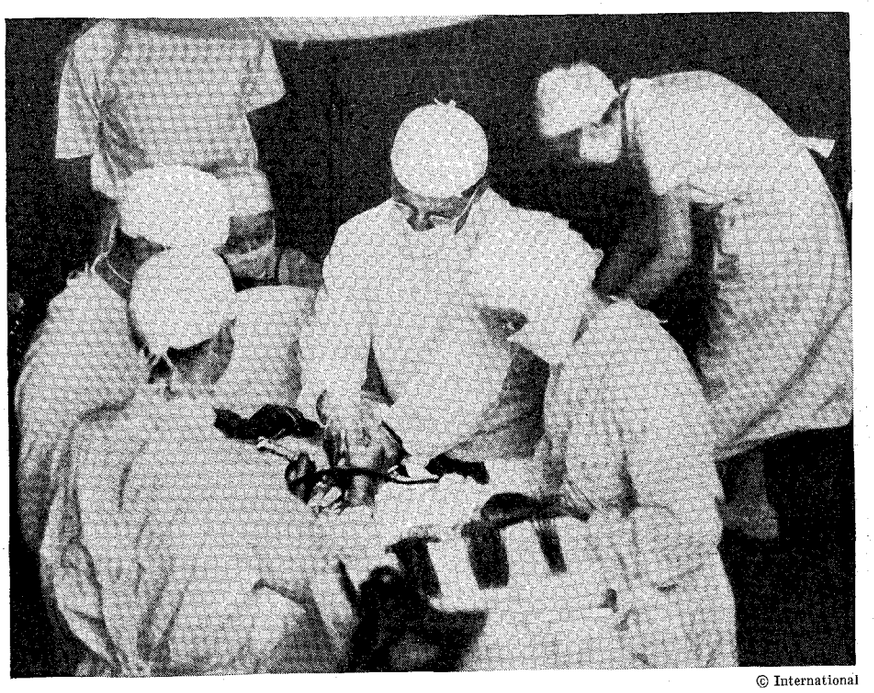
Of 402 patients in a survey who took no laxative, reported Doctor Heyd, only one in eighty succumbed. Of 992 who took laxatives, one out of seven died.

Appendicitis was known to the Greek physician Hippocrates, who warned 2,300 years ago against taking physic for acute pain in the abdomen.

Ancient Lore—The appendix was recognized by Berengarius Carpus, an Italian anatomist, in 1552. Two hundred years later, a British surgeon, Claudius Amyaud, performed the first appendectomy. He was operating to repair a hernia on an eleven-year-old boy, noted that the youngster's appendix had been perforated by a pin and was infected, and removed the organ.

In those days, deaths from inflammation of the appendix were common, but victims were said to have succumbed from "inflammation of the bowels" or "intestinal flu." In 1886, Dr. Reginald Fitz, of Boston, put an end to inexactitude by proving the disease is produced by an infected appendix. He coined the word "appendicitis."

For a time, it became almost fashionable to have the appendix removed, in many cases unnecessarily. Then, about 1910, medical practise swung to the other extreme. Deaths from appendicitis promptly began to increase. Doctors were dismayed by the paradox of an almost perfect operating technique (only one in a hundred dies



© International

When appendicitis strikes, there is only one effective treatment . . . an operation

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under the surgeon's knife in uncomplicated cases) with a steadily rising death rate.

Death from appendicitis is considerably more frequent in the United States than in European countries. In Scotland, the rate is 9 per 100,000 population; in the Irish Free State, 6.8; in England and Wales, 7.6. In the United States it is 11.5.

Anomalous, too, is the regional variation in death rates. Heaviest mortality occurs in Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Nevada, Utah and Colorado: 20 per 100,000 population. The lowest, under 10 per 100,000, is in North and South Carolina, with only slightly higher rates in Tennessee, Georgia, Virginia and West Virginia.

To account for these differences, Metropolitan Life statisticians suggest that hospital and medical facilities are relatively scarce in the Rocky Mountain States. But this hardly explains why the mortality should be rather high, 15 to 17 per cent., in States like New York, Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts.

Weather As Influence—Dr. C. A. Mills, Professor of Experimental Medicine of the University of Cincinnati, has another explanation: that appendicitis strikes hardest in States experiencing greatest fluctuations in weather. For this idea, he makes a convincing case with mortality statistics.

But theory steps aside when doctors are discussing what should be done, once appendicitis has struck.

There is no effective treatment but surgical intervention, declares Doctor Heyd. Delay and amateur meddling are the greatest dangers. To stricken persons, he offers these suggestions:

1. *Absolutely nothing must be taken by mouth—no food, no water, no medicine.*
2. *Under no circumstances take a laxative or cathartic.*
3. *Send for a competent physician at once.*
4. *Remain absolutely inactive.*

The only symptom invariably present is intense abdominal pain. Healthy, active individuals are as often stricken as others.

"The patient usually believes," dryly comments Doctor Heyd, "that a game of handball or a Turkish bath is the way to 'run out' an abdominal pain. Inflammation or infection of the appendix is made worse by activity."

CRANKINESS CURE: Children Become Sweet-Tempered When Taught How to Relax

Ten years ago, Rudolph S. Fried, now President of the Special School Association, found himself in charge of a school full of unruly children at Katonah, New York. The idea came to him that they weren't misbehaving because they wanted to, but because they were victims of faulty mental and nervous habits.

They had one thing in common: they were always running, jumping, breaking something, scribbling on the blackboard, indulging in overactivity generally. Mr. Fried experimented until he found a way to help them relax. In a few weeks, they became good children.

Last week, Mr. Fried, with the encouragement of authorities on child behavior at New York's influential Neurological Institute, came to New York to demonstrate to larger audiences how he helps children to overcome their crankiness and unruliness.

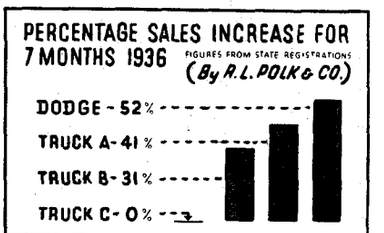
It's simple: just teach them to relax for

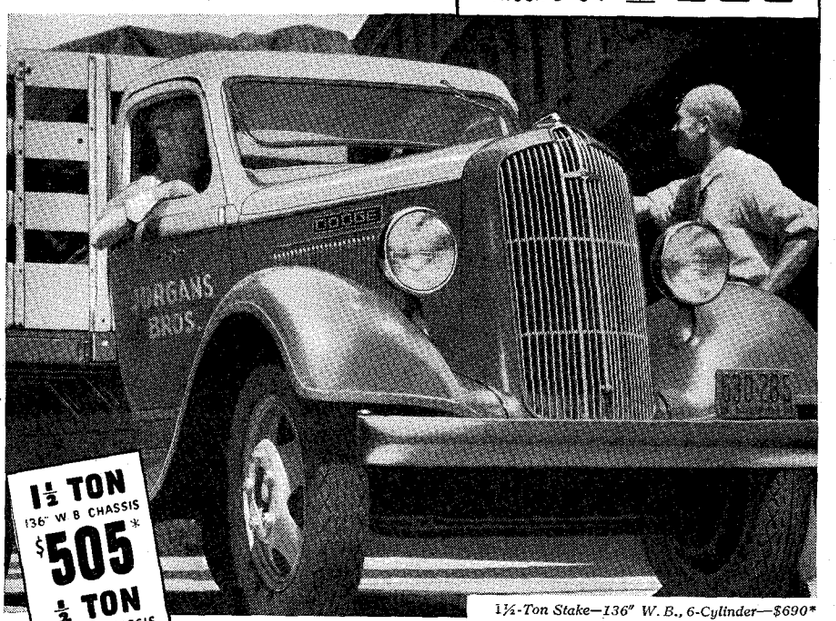
DODGE LEADS!

TOPS LOWEST-PRICED TRUCK FIELD IN RATE OF SALES INCREASE!

HERE'S the best possible proof that all America is swinging toward extra-value Dodge trucks! For the first seven months of 1936, Dodge trucks lead the lowest-priced field in percentage of sales increase! You owe it to yourself—before you buy any low-priced truck—to see a Dodge dealer! Make the Dodge free gas test...then get a "Show-Down" score card and check up on money-saving features for yourself. See your Dodge dealer today!

DODGE—Division of Chrysler Corporation


PERCENTAGE SALES INCREASE FOR 7 MONTHS 1936
FIGURES FROM STATE REGISTRATIONS
(By R. L. POLK & CO.)
DODGE - 52%
TRUCK A - 41%
TRUCK B - 31%
TRUCK C - 0%



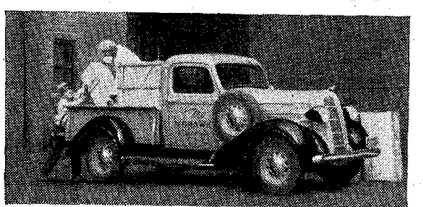
1½-Ton Stake—136" W. B., 6-Cylinder—$690*

1½ TON 136" W.B. CHASSIS $505*

½ TON 116" W.B. CHASSIS $370*

NEW THOUSANDS BUY DODGE... Now Priced with the Lowest TO SAVE MONEY

½-TON PANEL—116" W. B., SIX-CYL. Called "America's Handsomest Commercial Car." Has genuine hydraulic brakes, safety-steel body, 6 special gas and oil-saving features..... $585*



½-TON PICKUP—116" W. B., SIX-CYL. Has genuine hydraulic brakes, 6 special gas and oil-saving engine features, safety-steel cab—many extra-quality features, yet priced with the lowest $500*

LOW DOWN PAYMENTS LOW MONTHLY TERMS

Not only are Dodge trucks now priced with the lowest, but consult your Dodge dealer and you will find that easy terms can be arranged to fit your budget through Commercial Credit Company. Today, if you can afford to buy any truck, you can afford a dependable, Money-Saving Dodge!

• • •

*List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment, including dual wheels on 1½-ton models, extra.

DEPENDABLE DODGE TRUCKS

PRICED WITH THE LOWEST!...YET BUILT TO OUTLAST THEM ALL!

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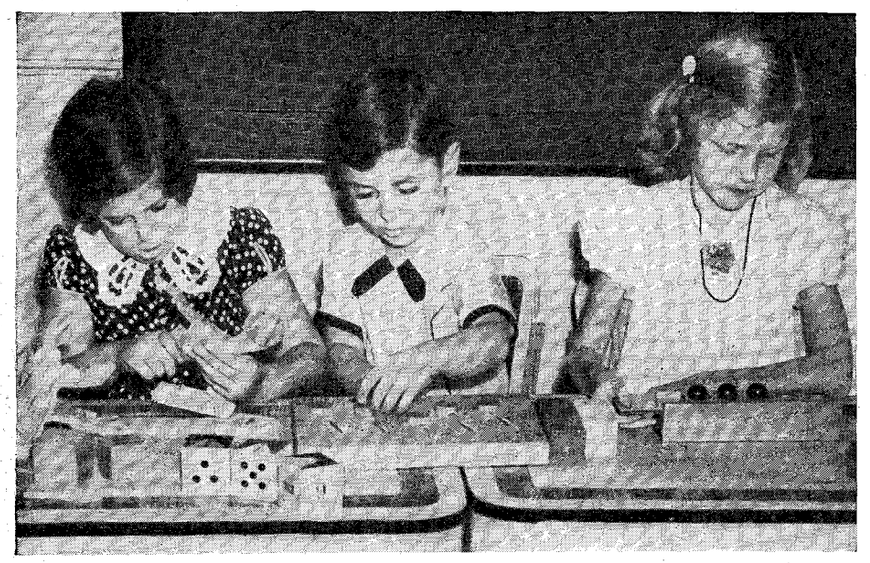

New York *Herald Tribune* Photo

Painless learning: toys are used to teach arithmetic at Bailey Hall in Katonah, New York

half a minute out of every hour. It soothes the nerves, rests the body, refreshes the brain, and is a habit that will stand them in good stead all their lives, says Mr. Fried.

At the Bailey Educational Service for Children and Parents, in New York, parents were bringing cranky children by the dozen for demonstrations. Mr. Fried first let them play, to get used to the brown-furnished, modernistic rooms of the Service offices. Then he plopped them in chairs, one at a time, and played a little game.

The game was "shut-eyes." First Mr. Fried, then the child, closed eyes, keeping them closed for half a minute or so. Gradually they extended the relaxation to arms, hands, legs and feet.

Relaxation, explains the educator, doesn't work miracles, nor are the benefits noticed at once. But gradually the child learns to do it purposefully. He rests himself, recharges his nervous system. Temper tantrums and crankiness disappear.

To teach a child, adults must first learn the relaxing trick themselves. Parents who bring their children to the clinic often take a few lessons. It takes practise.

The first thing is to sit in a comfortable chair or couch. Fold the hands easily in the lap, or let them rest on the sides of the chair, completely limp. The eyes should be closed, the lips permitted to part, the head to fall to one side, where it is supported by the shoulder. The feet should be crossed at the ankles, the soles outward. Every muscle should slacken.

Such relaxation, if only for half a minute, provides remarkable rest, explains Mr. Fried. He has mastered the trick so that he can relax momentarily even on a platform, speaking to an audience. When problems beset him, he relaxes a moment, then tackles them with new energy.

Cure for Anger—"It is absolutely impossible for a thoroughly relaxed person to become angry," he declares. "Anger is a matter of the nerves, and is due to too much tension."

In his work, Mr. Fried uses purposeful relaxation as the first step toward self-mastery. He believes that children can learn to control and educate themselves.

At Bailey Hall, a school for subnormal children at Katonah, Mr. Fried and an associate, Miss May Jean Robbins, developed a system of education that permits small children to learn things for themselves, with the aid of educational toys.

Beginners are handed a panel on which are mounted five brightly-colored disks, which slide up and down in grooves when pressure is applied. If the disks were not attached, explains the educator, the child would simply discard them, without getting any notion that each represents a unit. But by pushing them in the grooves, he presently absorbs the idea of number.

Then he receives a somewhat more complicated toy, in which marbles are placed consecutively in a row of little cups. By each cup is a numeral, corresponding to its place in the series. With this device, the pupil learns to count, and at the same time to associate a number with its numeral.

Teaching Method—The teacher explains nothing. She only supplies the material, and answers questions when asked.

Similar toys have been devised for teaching addition, subtraction, multiplication and division. By the time the child has learned all these, he has usually gained such an interest in the learning process that the difficulty is to keep him from progressing too rapidly.

Mr. Fried remembers with particular pleasure the story of one boy, sent to him by the head master of another school. "He is bad, cranky, mischievous and won't learn," exclaimed the official. "The sooner you take him, the better I'll like it."

Mr. Fried taught the boy how to relax, then put him through the course of self-learning. He is now a high school student. Without help, except in pronunciation, he taught himself Latin this summer.

PAINLESS BRANDING:

Cold Irons and Chemicals Replace Cruel System on Ranches

This summer, about 4,000,000 calves were rounded up on the ranges of the cattle States, from North Dakota to Texas. Amid the bawling of frightened animals, brands were burned in their hides for identification.

But not all felt the hot iron. Encouraged by U. S. Department of Agriculture tests, many ranchmen made use of cold irons, dipped in chemicals.

The chemical mixture, which contains a caustic and a depilatory, is applied with an old-fashioned iron, or a newer caustic-resistant bronze one. The mixture is poured into a pan, the iron dipped into it and pressed against the animal's hide.

Nothing happens for four days, then the hide begins to itch. The calf rubs against a tree or fence post. Off comes a patch of hair, revealing a perfect brand. It lasts a cow's lifetime, reports the Department of Agriculture, costs about a cent a head, and is favored by ranchmen because it speeds up branding and prevents injuries.

Prized Brands—So may another picturesque ceremony of the old West, begun during the earliest days of the cattle industry, meet its end. Old-time ranchmen still prize their brands as their most precious possessions. Every cattle State has laws protecting brands. Feuds have been fought over the right to use a certain mark.

Science sought to eliminate the cruelty of hot branding several years ago, but the first chemical mixtures were imperfect, producing only blotches of baldness instead of clean, sharp brands.

Then stock-yards became interested in developing a branding mixture that could be used for marking diseased cattle. This is still the major use. In its fight against Bang's Disease the United States Bureau of Animal Husbandry has used nearly a ton of a patented chemical branding mixture to stamp the letter "B" on the jaws of affected animals. Since a pound will brand 100 animals, this quantity was enough for 200,000 head of cattle.

SCIENCE SHORTS

Page Turner—Rare books in glass cases make a pretty display, but are exasperating to persons who would like to read them.

Three Canadian inventors have solved the problem. Last week, R. D. Delamere, M. Rosenthal and H. M. Rutter, of Toronto, received a patent for a device that turns pages one by one without human hands touching the book.

Two knobs run the invention. One is turned so a pointer indicates which page is to be opened. The second knob slips mechanical fingers between the pages and turns them up and over. One page is turned at each revolution of the knob. Tho the device conceivably could be used as an aid for reading in bed, or in the bathtub, the inventors believe it will be most in demand in museums.

* * *

Stone Diet—Mother Earth is putting on weight, on a diet consisting of stone and iron. She makes no secret of it, either, for at least the larger mouthfuls are signaled by shooting stars. The smaller ones are too little to attract any attention.

The rate of this gain in weight was recently figured out by Dr. F. G. Watson and Dr. J. L. Greenstein, of Harvard College Observatory. Doctor Watson, interested in the smallest meteors, decided that some were only about a hundredth of a millimeter in diameter. This is about the size of a yeast cell, or a good, fat germ. The brilliant shooting stars on which young folk "make a wish" are much bigger—about the size of a pin-head.

Doctor Greenstein made a study of the amount of drifting material in interstellar space, through which the earth is passing. The result of his researches is the calculation that the earth catches about 100,000,000,000 meteors of all sizes a day. But, altogether, they weigh only about twenty-four pounds, or a pound an hour.

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NEW THRILL FOR ARMCHAIR DETECTIVES

With a Crimefile of Clues, the Fan Works Out Own Solution

The most insidious of all anesthetics, the detective story, was compounded into a new formula last week with the publication of Crimefile Number 1: "File on Bolitho Blane," by Dennis Wheatley.

No ordinary book, either in its physical make-up or the means it uses to project its story, Crimefile threatens to become the new American pastime, supplanting the outmoded cross-word and jigsaw puzzles, chain letters, and the recent flights from sanity of What's This? and Knock-Knock addicts.

Printed to simulate a police record of a murder, it contains bits of evidence preserved as they would be received at police headquarters, tied together in a cardboard folder.

From the assortment of telegrams, note-covered scraps of paper, detailed reports of questioning of witnesses, physical clues—human hair, a burned match, and a swatch of crimson-stained curtain—the reader is supposed to play detective and solve the crime. For those who are not nimble-witted enough, there is a sealed solution in the back containing a three-page police analysis of the evidence presented, and a four-page signed confession by the murderer.

Origin in London—Tho it seems typically American in presentation, the idea originated in London, where it has become a raging success under the title "Murder Off Miami."

In England the weekly sale has been better than 4,000 copies since publication in August, and the first three weeks after publication 30,000 were sold.

William Morrow & Company bought it on a gamble and rushed the difficult production task through in record time. They added the trade-marked title "Crimefile" and announced it as the first of a series of detective stories to be handled in the same manner, selling for $1.95. They plan to spend $3,000—a heavy sum for a novelty book—on an advertising campaign throughout the country, to get it started. Then they think it will take care of itself.

Tho not a cent of the advertising budget has been spent so far, the advance sales have been gratifying: the entire first edition of 10,000 has been sold out. Booksellers have jumped at the possibilities it offers for unusual displays, and Macy's in New York is devoting an entire window to it.

But if the book salesmen had no difficulty selling Crimefile, they did run into trouble on their sales trips, because book buyers took six times as long to place orders.

They couldn't be torn away from the fascinating pages that give an accurate glimpse into police records, but insisted on reading the entire file through, calling in their staffs for help.

Printing Tempest—The first step in the very tricky manufacturing process is assembling the more lurid evidence. The printing concern, used to handling more mundane, routine assignments, has been in a "swivet" since it started work. One of its embarrassed emissaries went out in search of the most important clue—hair. Five pounds were bought, and there is still enough left for several editions. One girl was hired whose sole task is to work together two shades of hair—brown and white—and tuck the wisps into cellophane envelops.

For the next clue, thousands of paper matches were printed with the name of a London hotel. The printer had to take out special fire insurance to have one of his men stand all day burning single matches to the proper length.

All the efforts of the printers and assembling crew are directed to producing the maximum number of copies. Twelve girls are used in the actual assembling, each of whom turns out about twenty books an hour. Because of the large advance sale, the number of surplus copies has been so scarce that no one at the printing-house has had time to find out what the mystery is.

The file starts with a wire from the yacht *Golden Gull,* off Florida, to the Miami Police, announcing that a passenger, *Bolitho Blane,* has committed suicide. The characters are introduced by records of police questioning, plus photographs of the principals involved.

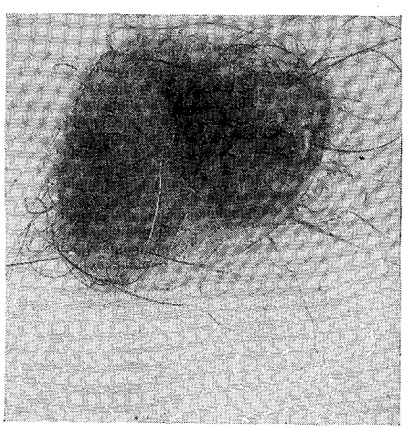
On board, aside from the captain, crew and two maids, are the faces familiar to all detective story fans: the yacht owner, a wealthy manufacturer, his beautiful daughter, an English noblewoman, her daughter and son-in-law, a bishop, an Italian count, an unofficial representative of the Japanese Government, and *Blane's* secretary, *Nicholas Stodart.* After the police investigation, it becomes evident that murder, not suicide, was committed, and the characters fall into the usual scramble, with guilt written across the face of each.

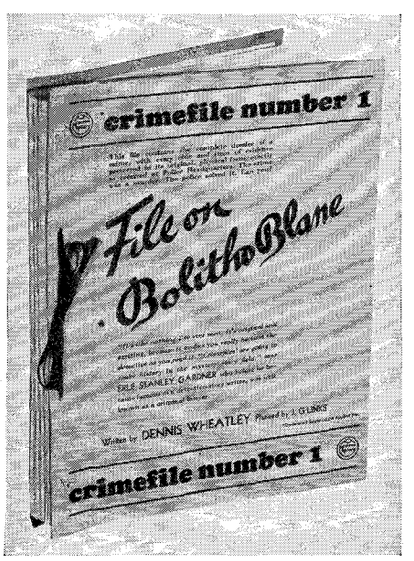
Tho it does not stand above the crowd as far as plot is concerned, its unique handling gives it a sales appeal that is bound to attract. It has all the fascination of an exciting newspaper story, unfolding its plot in the same *staccato* manner.

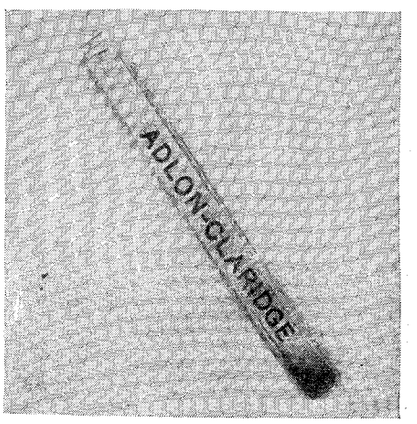
The plan will be continued until the supply of clues that can be included in a file is exhausted.

Wheatley, the forty-seven-year-old author, gave up the London wine business he inherited from his father to start writing seven years ago. Since then, he has developed a following among detective story fans, both here and in England.

The innovation in publishing, however, was invented by another Londoner, L. G. Links, whose career, occupation and other personal data, remain more of a mystery to Morrow & Company than the problem set forth in Crimefile.







Crimefile Number 1 contains human hair, burned matches, witness reports and other evidence on which police build cases

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PAINTER'S TRIALS: Newly Published van Gogh Letters Reveal Lucidity, Not Lunacy

Since the paintings of Vincent van Gogh came to this country last year, more than 600,000 people have seen them in eight cities. But the popularity the collection met wherever it went was not entirely due to the quality of the paintings, museum officials have discovered.

Greater magnetism lay in the American publicity given the painter in recent newspaper stories and a fictionized biography. These all emphasized his final year's mental illness and dubbed him "the mad Dutch painter."

Nothing could blast the myth that van Gogh was a chronic lunatic better than his own "Letters to an Artist." In a new volume, translated and published for the first time, his correspondence with a fellow artist, the wealthy, academic

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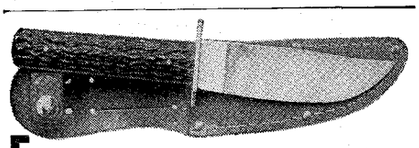
324 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.



FREE: This Outdoors Sheath Knife

Ideal for hunting, fishing and camping trips. It has a sturdy 4" blade, tempered and polished, with keen, durable cutting edge. Blade extends clear thru the bone stag handle. Complete with leather sheath. OUTDOORS is a monthly magazine you will enjoy. Filled with illustrated stories and information on hunting, fishing, camping and outdoor activities. Also up-to-the-minute information on guns, fishing tackle, dogs.

SPECIAL OFFER

We will send you this sturdy Sheath Knife and OUTDOORS MAGAZINE for a whole year.

Both for only $1.00

Clip this ad and mail today with $1.00 bill to

OUTDOORS, Dept. L
233 N. Mich. Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Anton Ridder van Rappard, more than proves his lucidity of thought.

Written from 1881 to 1885—the beginning of his career as a painter and only five years before his death at thirty-seven—the correspondence bubbles with his new enthusiasms, and sags with his despondent struggles. With the letters are included sixteen sketches (some of which have never appeared before) in which the painter explains his difficulties and gives an insight into the subjects he chose.

In view of the vogue he has had here, it is interesting to note his own views on success and his shyness about showing his paintings. He wrote: "I should sometime like to have a friend come to my studio to look at my work, but that happens very seldom. I never have had a wish (and I hope I never let the public in on it). I am not indifferent about appreciation of my work, but it must be done privately, and to me the least desirable thing of all is so-called popularity."

Confessional—While he lived, almost none of his work found its way into exhibitions, because of this reticence. His relations with the people with whom he came in contact were as reserved. This made his correspondence with van Rappard an outlet that he used as a confessional.

His love for Holland after a hectic thirty years away from his homeland was as deep as his passion for painting. He wrote his friend: "I think we can not do better than to paint Dutch scenery. Then we are ourselves, then we feel at home, then we are in our element. The more we know what is happening abroad, the better; but we must not forget that our roots are in Dutch soil."

Rebellious Artist—Always in revolt against stilted, static art, despised because of his fearless refusal to bow to accepted forms, he begged van Rappard to break away from "the pedantic Pharisees of Art" at the Academy.

Their disagreement was eventually part of the dispute that split their friendship, which was often stormy.

Like other Academicians, van Rappard worked from the nude. Persistently, but without success, van Gogh urged him to paint from other sources: the sort of subjects he chose. "I should like to see you paint and draw common people with their clothes on."

An original van Gogh drawing which appears for the first time in "Letters to an Artist"

Eventually their letters became more and more critical of each other's work. Neither had any use for what the other was sketching, and each tried to convert his friend. In dissecting one of van Gogh's first serious paintings, "The Potato Diggers," van Rappard remarked that such work couldn't be taken seriously. The letter ended: "And you dare, while working in such a manner, to invoke the names of Millet and Breton? Art is too great a thing to be treated so carelessly!" Saving his invective for future use, van Gogh returned the letter signed: "With greetings, Vincent."

In 1881, he had not definitely decided whether to continue with his painting. He was making progress, satisfactory to him, in charcoal, sepia and water-color. He set his mind to figure drawings after finding that indirectly it helped him with

Excerpt from one of van Gogh's letters to van Rappard . . . the correspondence bubbles with his new enthusiasms and sags with his despondent struggles

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his first love—landscapes—because of the required concentration.

Touches of Insight—Hidden throughout the fifty-eight letters are sign-posts that give an insight to the man, whose character was as great as his painting. Unconsciously, he revealed his courage in little things, the courage that kept him alive and his painting virile, in the face of poverty and all the privation that goes with it; the same courage that let him start a new career fearlessly, after expulsion from his first choice—the ministry.

His sensitivity left him open to many hurts which he felt free to write about, without self-pity, to some one he trusted. His family and friends outlawed him, because of his love for and refusal to leave a model whom he took to live with him. His pity for the girl he met in the streets, and his generosity to her and her two children, cost him dearly.

His letters to his brother, Theo, printed at a price that only a collector could afford, have long been regarded as magnificent human documents. Van Gogh admirers rejoiced that Viking Press saw fit to publish the present collection—covering the most crucial time of his life—for $3.50.

NEW BOOKS: Stuart Chase on the Threat of Soil Erosion; a Novel of the Mohawk Valley

Rich Land, Poor Land. By Stuart Chase. 361 pp. (New York: Whittlesey House; $2.50.)

They plowed up the grazing lands after killing off the buffalo; now we have the Dust Bowl and the soil erosion problem. They felled the forest primeval; we have floods sweeping down our valleys and destroying our homes. In California, they backed up the water, tapped the ground and drained the marshes in ambitious irrigation problems; we have the seepage of salt water.

Prairie bird-life they slaughtered on the theory that this was the Promised Land, that Nature's bounties were like the widow's cruse; and unto the third and fourth generation, we have the insects.

All this, Mr. Stuart Chase relates with his genius for making dull fact dramatic and cold figures romantic. His book is a solemn warning that now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the conservationists.

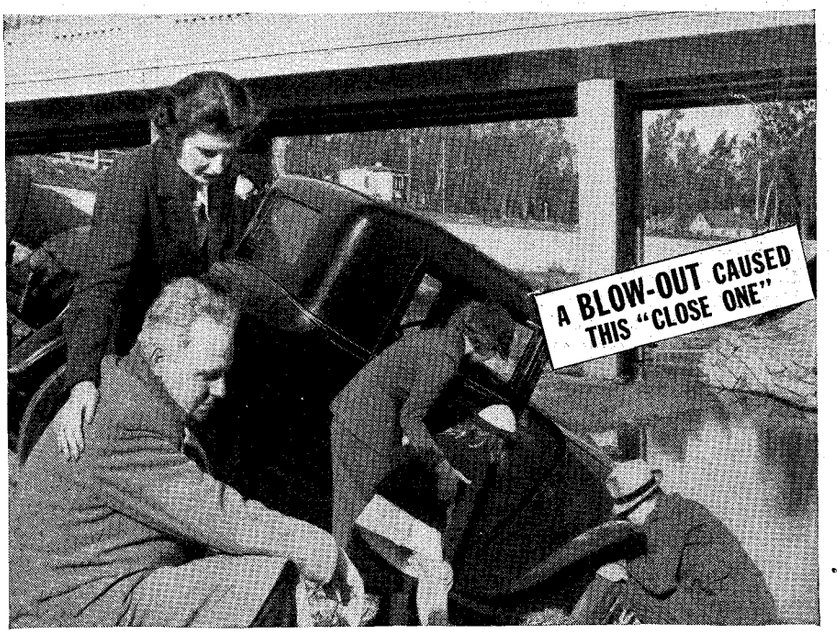
Many of the problems confronting us are of to-morrow. But, Mr. Chase proclaims, there are enough of to-day to make it needful that we face the grim truth—lest the Dust Bowl go the way of the Gobi Desert and our hilly regions take on the contours of barren and flood-ridden China.

The cost of an adequate program will stagger the preachers of economy. Mr. Chase estimates, quoting figures of the National Resources Board, that 105 billions will be needed, spent over a period of twenty years. But that would be cheap enough, he points out, as compared with the destruction being wrought these days by an avenging Nature.

Nothing in this book is new; but no one has been able to bring together more forcefully the side issues of conservation; few have been able to discuss the matter so intelligently. America's major perplexity, in the hands of Mr. Chase, is truth stranger than fiction.

But "Rich Land, Poor Land" is not

CLOSE SHAVE



ONLY SILVERTOWN TIRES GIVE YOU GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION!

Betty: "That was a narrow escape all right, Bob, but you're not to blame."

Bob: "Of course I am. We had a blow-out, didn't we? And I've been warned time and again that I needed new, safe tires."

* * *

Did you ever stop to think while driving that there's one danger spot where no warning bell will ring—no red light will show? That's *inside* your tires. They may look perfectly good on the outside but unless you're protected you may be heading for a blow-out without knowing it.

And that's why Goodrich engineers, in order to give motorists real blow-out protection, developed the Life-Saver Golden Ply, a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist the terrific *blowout-causing* heat generated *inside* all tires by today's high speeds. By resisting internal tire heat, this Golden Ply keeps rubber and fabric from separating. It keeps blisters from forming. And when you prevent the blister, you prevent the high-speed blow-out.

Remember, when you are urged to replace tread-worn tires with a set of Goodrich Safety Silvertowns—heed the advice. Because you can't laugh off this fact—*thousands are killed or injured every year when blow-outs throw cars out of control.* Play safe. Get Goodrich Golden Ply Silvertowns now.

AVOID FLAT TIRES THIS WINTER

A puncture is bad enough when the weather is good. But tire changing on a cold winter's day is double grief. That's why we say "here's good news." The new Goodrich Seal-o-matic Safety Tube seals its own punctures. *And you don't even have to stop the car!* As soon as a tack, nail, or piece of glass makes a hole, a special plastic rubber compound *inside* the tube surrounds the object. When you pull the nail or tack out the hole fills up and is *sealed tight instantly!* This winter put Goodrich Seal-o-matic Tubes in *all* your tires.

Goodrich Seal-o-matic Tubes

FREE! A million more motorists pledged to safe driving is the Goodrich goal for 1936. Do your bit to prevent accidents. Join the Silvertown Safety League at your Goodrich dealer. He'll get for you—*free*—a handsome emblem with a red reflector to protect you if your tail light fails.

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calculated to nourish whatever fear complex a reader may have; it is a serious-minded survey, calmly set to print, covering a situation which, the author argues, will not rest. And tho it will cost a pretty penny to set things aright, it is necessary to face the fact that ours is no longer a youthful country. In our state of maturity, we are government-bound, whether we like it or not, to adopt and push to completion a mature program saving the land from eventual desert and famine.

Here is a book that takes conservation out of the hands of the fanatics and political propagandists and places it firmly upon the shoulders of every thinking citizen. To that extent, it is the first of its kind.

Critical Opinions—ADDISON PARKER IN THE DES MOINES REGISTER: *"After reading this book, one can not but reflect that the American people may well pause in their restless and feverish efforts to achieve economic justice and security and give earnest consideration to conserving the outdoor world in which they live."*

EDITORIAL IN THE PHILADELPHIA RECORD: *"Every American alive to his responsibilities should read Stuart Chase's book. . . . (It) makes it impossible to evade the problem on the ground of ignorance. We have been warned. If we do not act in this generation, our grandchildren will know that we wantonly wasted our heritage."*

STERLING NORTH IN THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS: *"If Stuart Chase is right, even if he is one-tenth right, there is a calamity facing America which should be above politics—it is the loss of the continent."*

* * *

Three Bags Full. By Roger Burlingame. 637 pp. (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company; $3.)

Mr. Burlingame's father, who was editor of *Scribner's Magazine* for thirty years, planned that his son should become an engineer. It is only natural, therefore, that young Roger, upon leaving Harvard, should become an editor and writer. That's the way it goes.

Burlingame began his career with Hamilton Holt on the old *Independent*, but finally pried himself loose from steady jobs to give all his time to writing. And with this, his most ambitious novel, he joins the goodly company of Carl Carmer and Walter Edmunds, rediscoverers all of the Mohawk Valley. (Upstate New York, so vastly different from that slice which lies south of the Bear Mountain Bridge, has lain fallow while the South and the Great Western Plains had their day; the Messrs. Carmer, Edmunds and Burlingame are finding the digging productive in a countryside so old that it is almost brand new to writing.)

Burlingame's tale concerns the fortunes of the Dutch *Van Huytens*. In the year 1795, *Hendrik Haarlem Van Huyten* pushed through the forests from New Amsterdam with his friend, *Pieter de Groot*, and came upon a lovely lake. He settled down there in the Finger Lakes district and founded his dynasty. According to his lights, he was a just man, and when he became the patroon of *Van Huyten* township, he tempered his feudal lordship with mercy—spending what wrath he had upon those "damned Jankes" from Connecticut.

The townsfolk settled on *Van Huyten* land for which they paid $1.50 an acre, with ten years to complete the purchase. *Hendrik* grandly watched them take hold; with mixed emotions, he saw the Irish diggers push the "Canawl" across to the Great Lakes; in bitterness, he found that the "damned Jankes" had no respect for his feudal ideas. He begot a son, *Peter*, who married one of the detested Irish and fathered a dissolute line that was to sink so low that it called itself plain *"Hooten."*

Mr. Burlingame's best writing concerns the fate awaiting the high-hat *Van Huytens* and the low-brow *Hootens* when the branches come together in a tender romance between *Ruth*, the aristocrat, and *Dick*, the *Hooten* from the wrong side of the family.

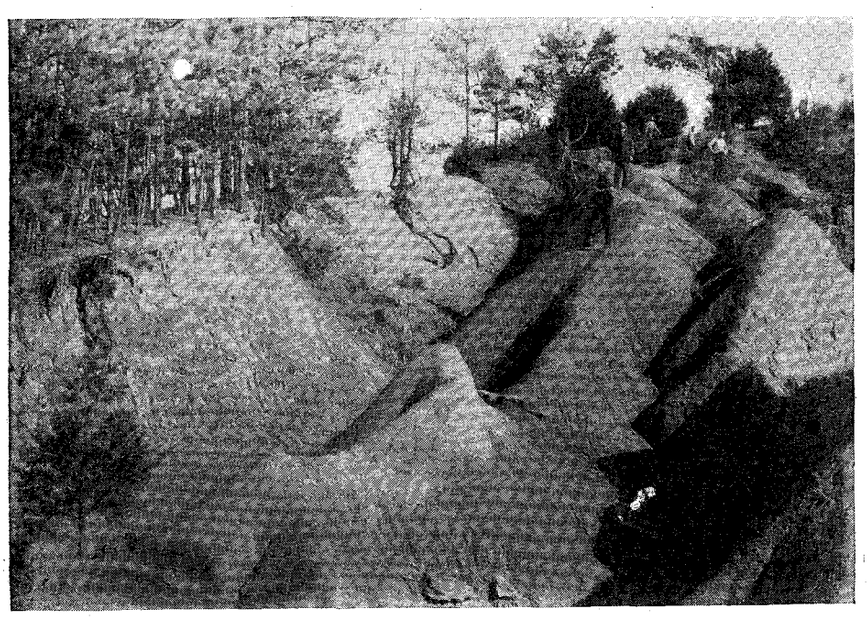
To-day, the land of the patroon has its gas pumps and hot-dog stands; the old trail known as "U. S. 20" resounds to radio squawks; and the lakes to the roar of speed-boats. But the beauty of the hills remains, and so, too, as old *Doctor Jolly* reflects, does a fine parcel of skeletons in the cupboards.

The Mohawk has weathered another change.

Critical Opinions — ROWENA WILSON TOBIAS IN THE CHARLESTON POST: *"Quite literally three bags full of story. The early figures . . . are much more vivid and alive than the later ones; old* Hendrik *and his pioneering period form the outstanding section of the novel. Whatever 'Three Bags Full' may lack in unity and cohesion, it is undeniably a fascinating book, full of humor and rich appeal."*

JOHN CLAIR MINOT IN THE BOSTON HERALD: *"Mr. Burlingame has not cut very deep into the natures of his characters, being content, especially with the elders, to describe rather than analyze them. . . . Well written, if a thought too long."*

FLORA LOWRY IN THE DALLAS MORNING NEWS: *"Roger Burlingame has made an important contribution to the increasing number of historical novels of the season."*



Courtesy Whittlesey House

Nature's revenge for man's carelessness . . . it will take 105 billion dollars to square accounts

Courtesy Harcourt, Brace

Roger Burlingame delves into life in New York's historic Mohawk Valley

Fiction

The Brothers Ashkenazi. By I. J. Singer. (Alfred Knopf; $3.) Perhaps not the masterpiece the publisher claims it is, but a memorable novel tracing the rise and fall of a Polish manufacturing town. A rich panorama of Jewish life, beautifully translated from the Yiddish by Maurice Samuel.

A Time to Remember. By Leane Zugsmith. (Random House; $2.) Life in a big department store. Simply and effectively written.

Far Forest. By Francis Brett Young. (Reynal & Hitchcock; $2.50.) A boy and a girl in the hands of fate, this time in the guise of British tradition.

Non-Fiction

The Social History of American Agriculture. By Joseph Schafer. (Macmillan; $2.50.) A study of the farm influence on democracy, and by no means as dull as its title.

Gomez, Tyrant of the Andes. By Thomas Rourke. (Morrow; $3.50.) The tale of a despot who hitched up terrorism to a balanced budget, forced labor to good schools, and died, remaining the paradox he had been for twenty-seven years.

The Theater of the Moment. By George Jean Nathan. (Alfred Knopf; $2.50.) Our most critical drama critic writes another witty, acidulous and penetrating commentary on the modern theater.

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The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

•

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

chronicity.—"I. C. B.," College Point, N. Y.—This word has been in the language since 1861, and it means: "The state or condition of being chronic; as, the *chronicity* of a disease."

journeymen.—"L. J. S.," Springfield, O.—The word *journey* is from the French *journée,* day, day's travel, day's work. When used of a craftsman, it designates one who has served his apprenticeship and has become entitled to work on his own account as a handicraftsman who works by the day. There are *journeymen* carpenters, printers, tailors, etc.

stool-pigeon.—"A. C.," Nutley, N. J.—The term *stool-pigeon* is neither new nor recent. Tho of uncertain origin, it was used as long ago as 1841 by James Fenimore Cooper in "Deerslayer," ch. xvi. The sense then, as now, was a decoy—a person set to attract others, as into a trap, a gambling-den, or the like. This sense has been extended lately to include "an unofficial detective acting for the police." In its literal and original sense, *stool-pigeon* meant a decoy-pigeon.

Stool, in the sense of a decoy, may be a variant or an Americanization of *stale,* a term in use in England from the 15th century, and meaning a decoy-bird. Shakespeare used *stale* figuratively in "The Tempest," act 4, sc. i: "The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither For *stale* to catch these theues." Another word of similar sound and identical meaning is *stall.* This, in the sense of a decoy-bird, has also been used since the late 15th or early 16th century.

that, which, who.—"F. R.," New York City.—The point that you raise is one upon which grammarians differ; some insist that restrictive or definitive clauses should never begin with the relative *who* or *which;* others say that in some instances usage sanctions both *who* and *which,* especially *who.*

Accordingly in the sentences submitted, the first group would insist that the construction should be, "Those *that* do or are thus and so." The second group would argue that since *those* is a demonstrative pronoun modifying the true antecedent, *persons,* understood, the restrictive clause, as an exception to the general rule, should begin with *who,* "Those *who* do or are thus and so."

Neither construction can, therefore, be called incorrect, for either view can be supported by weighty evidence. One can merely say that present practise follows the second group in the use of *who* (of persons) and *which* (of lower animals and of inanimate things) in restrictive or definitive clauses after demonstrative pronouns.

Both groups would agree that *that* is to be preferred in the sixth sentence—"The school should, therefore, provide an environment *that* will stimulate this creative power."

FRANK KING . . . Union Leader smoker, and famous creator of "GASOLINE ALLEY"

TUT, TUT, Mr. King, Union Leader is not only down your alley . . . it's right down *every* man's alley! For Union Leader is primed for every man's pipe, and . . . at a dime . . . it's priced for every man's purse. Sniff it! Smoke it! And when you light a fragrant, flavorful pipeload, watch it bowl a ten-strike over mixtures with fancy price tags. Try a tin, brother, but don't say we didn't warn you! That mellow, old, Kentucky Burley in Union Leader will make your dime pay a dollar dividend in smoking pleasure! (Swell rollin' for cigarettes, too!)

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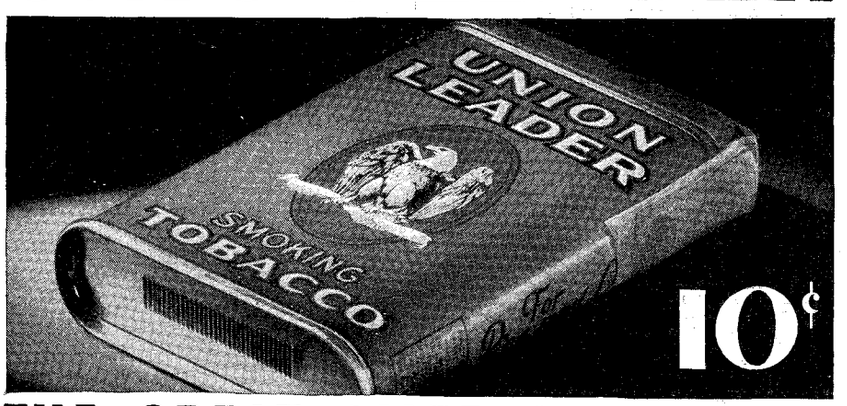

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POPULAR MECHANICS

Education

A SCHOOL FOR BUDDING AMBASSADORS

Washington Institution Reopens With 14 Aspiring Students

Hard by the White House, on Washington's broad Pennsylvania Avenue, the nation's rarest and most exclusive academy reopened this week. The swinging back of the creaking Havana doors of the United States Foreign Service Officers' Training School on the third floor of the State Department building signalized the end of three years of dust-collecting caused by economy in the Foreign Service.

With a class limited to fourteen embryonic Ambassadors and Ministers, who came from the far corners of the globe for their three-months' study course, the school is the world's only institution of its kind.*

The lucky fourteen are a part of a group of forty who competed successfully against 675 candidates in foreign service examinations. Since last October, when the forty received appointments as foreign service officers, they have lived in Canada, Cuba, Mexico, France, Italy, Germany, Poland and Hungary, assigned to temporary posts for preliminary training. Ten of them are on duty in China and Japan as language students and will not return for study at the school; three more are in non-career service (mostly clerical in nature) and do not require the specialized training; and the remaining thirteen will attend a second class opening in January.

Broad Curriculum—Keeping the same hours as regular State Department employees—9 to 4:30—this year's class faces a heavy curriculum. In training to handle *Uncle Sam's* business and diplomatic relations overseas, drawling Texans and twanging Yankees joined forces with soft-spoken Southerners, tackling such complex subjects as administration (allowances, office estimates, leases, government property, etc.), visas and temporary immigration, documentation of merchandise, quarantine regulations, marketing, packaging, shipping, hiring and firing of seamen, bills of health, disputes, passports, citizenship, notarial duties, estates and accounts, commercial reports, protection of trade and citizens, and political reporting.

In addition, they heard lectures on international law, claim procedure, early United States history and treaty procedure. An innovation is a first-hand study of port conditions at Baltimore and Norfolk.

Director Lowell C. Pinkerton, who has been through the mill in his twenty years with the Service, does no actual teaching. Regular officers of the State Department give the lectures on the fields in which they are engaged. Some of them are foreign service officers, others permanent officers of the Department.

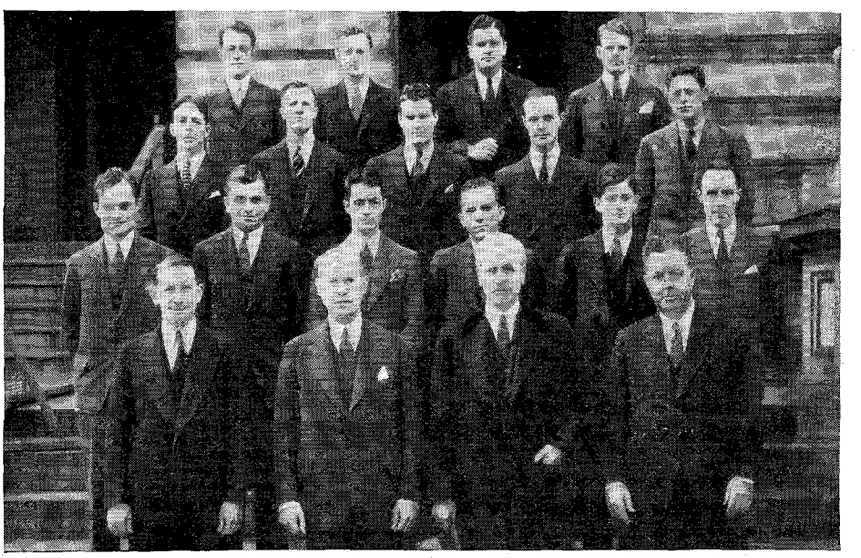
The destinies of the school are in the hands of a Board of which Mr. Pinkerton is a member. Others include Assistant Secretaries of State Wilbur J. Carr, Sumner Welles and Robert Walton Moore, and Thomas M. Wilson, Chief of the Division of Foreign Service Personnel.

Sponsored by Coolidge—The school, authorized by President Coolidge in June, 1924, followed the reorganization and merger of the Diplomatic and Consular Services by the Rogers Act; it plays a salient part in providing the United States with a foreign service the equal of any other.

Thousands of young Americans aspire to the long and honorable career the Service offers. To enter it to-day, a college education is necessary, tho a study of the records of those who are already officers shows 75 per cent. to be college graduates, 17 per cent. who attended but did not finish college, and 8 per cent. with no college background whatever.

At the last examination, held in the State Department in May, 700 candidates competed. Among them were thirty-eight aspiring Ruth Bryan Owenses, young women who are hoping they get the necessary

*France's famed *Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques* trains men for the whole government service; England and Germany usually pick their men from the universities, give them training within their foreign offices.



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J. B. Stewart, W. J. Carr, Cordell Hull and H. M. Byington (front row) with the 1933 class of the U. S. Foreign Service Officers' Training School . . . the last class until this year

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marks of 70 per cent. so that they will be called to the Capital the week of October 13 for final oral tests.

Only six women have been appointed to the Service. Mrs. Owens resigned in August following her marriage to Capt. Boerge Rohde of the Life Guards of King Christian X of Denmark. Three other women also have married and resigned.

The two remaining in the Service are Miss Frances E. Willis, of Metropolis, Illinois, Third Secretary at the Brussels Embassy, and Miss Constance Ray Harvey, of Buffalo, New York, now with the Consulate General in Milan, Italy.

Legal Tests—Written examination for the Service includes elements in international, maritime and commercial law; arithmetic; modern languages; elementary economics; political and commercial geography; American history, government and institutions since 1776; political economy; English and composition.

Upon appointment to the Service, officers receive the minimum $2,500, lowest salary of the unclassified group. Generally, it takes five years for an officer to move from the unclassified into the classified brackets. Thereupon, advancement is largely up to the individual.

He has eight classes to hurdle before he reaches Class 1 ($9,000 to $10,000 a year), where he can join such distinguished career envoys as Ambassador Joseph C. Grew (Japan), Ambassador J. Van A. MacMurray (Turkey), Minister G. S. Messersmith (Austria), and Minister Norman Armour (Canada). Incidentally, such chiefs of diplomatic missions are Presidential appointees; therefore, curiously, must resign from the Foreign Service to accept the posts.

Uncertain Destinations—Last week, America's newest batch of diplomatic tyros were much more interested in where they would be assigned upon completing their course on December 19. The destinations will not be known until that time, and examination results have a lot to do with fixing them.

When the students learn where they'll go, pandemonium breaks loose and study is impossible—which is one reason announcements are saved for the last moment.

Director Pinkerton, currently a foreign service officer on duty in the Department, goes out in the field again himself next year. And he's in the same boat as his charges. Asked whether he had a hint of his new post, he chuckled:

"No, that's one of the joys of the Foreign Service. You don't know where you're going, and you don't care."

Religion

RISING SPIRES: Conference on Cathedrals; Building May Parallel That of Middle Ages

Once a year, distinguished church architects, builders, artists, craftsmen from all parts of this continent settle down together for an exchange of professional views on the current state of those religious architectural creations poetically described by Goethe as "frozen music."

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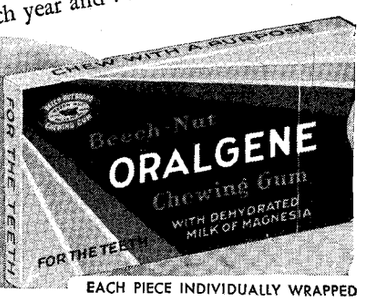

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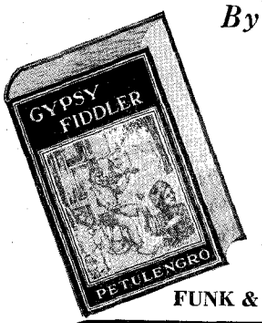

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Arts, they will foregather again next week in Synod House, which adjoins New York's huge Gothic Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

There, for one brief day, they are going to attune ears to weighty dissertations on religious architecture reform, sculpture, carvings, glass, structural period motifs. Sole fillip to the session will be informal discussion of reports showing church building sharply on the rise.

Like Middle Ages—Currently, construction of new "frozen music" is world-wide in its postdepression revival. In cathedrals* alone, reports to the National Geographic Society point to a building era possibly paralleling that of the middle ages.

Structures costing millions are either under way or lately completed in a dozen nations. Ten of them are in the United States, as many as fifteen abroad.

Just back from a survey of Continental Europe, the Rev. Dr. Thomas F. Coakley, Rector of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Pittsburgh—an architectural gem which he helped design—announced in the magazine *America* that "the number of new churches erected recently is well nigh incredible." Many of them are on very modern lines, stirring criticism reminiscent of outbursts against Gothic style centuries ago.

Modern Motif—A leading figure in this construction is Cardinal Verdier of Paris, who alone is responsible for seventy-seven new edifices in four years; the ring of trowel and chisel is heard on many more under construction.

No two of the churches are alike, and all follow up-to-date, ultramodern motifs, in contrast with the mighty medieval houses of God.

"This makes the Parisian Cardinal one of the greatest builders of modern times," writes Father Coakley. "Wise and practical man that he is, he entrusted this formidable work to a group of sixteen of the most eminent architects in Paris, with M. Julien Barbier as chief consultant.

"In spite of the poverty of the French Catholics, the great French Prelate insisted that experts only should be put in charge of this gigantic undertaking. He took into his service only architects of outstanding reputation, a thing that is worthy of all praise."

As wide awake is Italy, whose latest contribution is a block-wide, brand new, modernistic church close to the heels of Rome's old St. Peter's, with fixed pews, next-door parish house and other American ideas. In Spain, revolution-harassed masons struggle with Madrid's new Cathedral of La Almudena and Barcelona's impressive La Sagrada Familia.

Nazi Germany, too, is building churches as well as roads. A few weeks ago, Berliners laid the corner-stone of the Russian Orthodox Cathedral of Christ's Resurrection, symbolizing the resurrection of destroyed churches in Soviet Russia.

Britain Builds—In England, which put up forty cathedrals in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, a mammoth red sandstone Gothic Anglican cathedral is rising on Liverpool's St. James Mount; another, an immense brick Renaissance Roman Catholic one, with massive dome, on nearby Brownlow Hill. Still a third is pushing skyward in the City of Guildford.

Emulating Mother England, Victoria, Capital of Canada's British Columbia, recently completed Christ Church Cathedral, unique for a robin and its nest carved in stone on one of the column's capitals.

During construction, a pair of robins nested and reared their young on the capital's scaffolding, unafraid of the workmen, who decided to immortalize their trustfulness.

In Cape Town, South Africa, the voice of choristers rings out against the new walls of French Gothic St. George's Cathedral, with windows high to avoid the white African sunshine.

Farther north, in Nairobi, Kenya Colony, bluish-gray Cathedral of the Highlands awaits its twin towers. Another tropical Anglican cathedral is to rise in Suva, Fiji Islands.

U. S. Churches—No. 1 cathedral under construction in the United States is New York's widely-publicized St. John the Divine. World's third largest, it has just removed iron scaffolding from its west façade, installed some fine glass, started laying granite steps leading to the north tower portal. Its total cost is put at $30,000,000.

No small structure either is Washington's Cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul, going up on Mount St. Alban. In near-by Baltimore, the estate of Mrs. Roberta Le Brou O'Neill will provide $5,000,000 for the Romanesque Cathedral of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary; a sister edifice will be limestone Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of the Incarnation.

Free Gothic style is Philadelphia's 460-foot-high Cathedral Church of Christ, and San Francisco's Grace Cathedral, largest west of the Mississippi, will have a 360-foot concrete tower.

Small but beautiful will be Trinity Cathedral, in Trenton, New Jersey, in whose crypt is buried Ferdinand W. Roebling, Jr., of the construction company. Donating $250,000 for the crypt, he died as the building rose and was laid to rest inside immediately. Three additional American cathedrals projected are St. Mark's, Seattle; St. John the Evangelist, Spokane, Washington, and St. Philip's, Atlanta.

High and Low—After a 1929 high mark of $250,000,000 worth of new structures, church building in the United States slipped to a staggering average low of $12,000,000 in depression years, perked up in 1936, which is expected to be a $40,000,000 year for the Protestant churches alone. Roman Catholics will add another $10,000,000. Presently, there are 210,000 churches in the country worth $4,000,000,000.

Next week, North America's church builders and architects will hear further of the definite movement toward new cathedral construction in both the Protestant Episcopal and Roman Catholic faiths.

For smaller churches they'll learn that practically all of the Protestant denominations favor installation of the so-called churchly or Episcopal type of chancel (front section) in place of former pulpit platforms. This mainly due to the rapidly increasing ranks of paid choir directors.

This tendency is in line with the general trend away from church plainness and ugliness and unplanned worship services noticeable everywhere. Chief effect of it is the heavy demand for the use of more carved wood, colorful fabrics, chiseled stonework, altars with fittings, new organs.

All of which is mighty good news for the architects, artists, craftsmen and builders of "frozen music."

*Only two faiths build cathedrals: all Catholic and Anglican Communion, which includes the Protestant Episcopal. A cathedral is the official seat of a bishop, takes its name from the Greek *kathedra* for chair, hence (in this case) a bishop's chair.

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Press

IT'S A "RICHARD HARDING DAVIS WAR"

Correspondents in Spain Work Amid Danger and Glamour

Last week, a bomb burst squarely in the midst of a group of American newspaper men covering the Fascist side in the Spanish civil war. Whether it proves fatal to any of them depends, strangely enough, not on field hospital surgeons, but on copy-editors 3,000 miles away in the United States.

The bomb was a warning from Gen. Emilio Mola, commander of the White forces in the North, that any newspaper man whose dispatches in future referred to the Rightists as Rebels would be "dealt with summarily."

The solution seems easy enough, on the face of it. The correspondents have only

© International

A French newspaper correspondent runs the gantlet of Spanish fire to save a child

to avoid the forbidden word and save their hides. But suppose the cables came through all right, and the home papers, from force of habit, or for style, edited "Rebel" back into the stories?*

And that's only another in a long list of worries that beset American war correspondents in Spain. Ever since the United Press ripped the curtain of silence that was drawn hastily on July 17 with the first confirmation of the military uprising in Melilla, life has been a daily question mark to American reporters.

Romance Again—To thousands of breakfast-table readers safely on this side the Atlantic, the war in Spain may seem like a piquant mixture of comedy and tragedy. Probably it is the last war that will ever be fought under the romantic Richard Harding Davis tradition. But to Georges Le Lorrain, head of a staff of forty men covering it for Havas Agency, the comedy is none too apparent.

Riding in an open car from Espinosa to Guadalupe in the early days of the fighting, Le Lorrain was set upon by Rightists. A bullet pierced his thigh, but he managed to get through to Paris a laconic report:

"Our car punctured with lead, one militiaman lying dead beside me, a Fox Movietone operator wounded as well as myself. I am now able to recall this dangerous adventure from the protection of a Government ambulance."

Up to this week, no other correspondents had been wounded, but it was not because they had not been under fire. The first shots that echoed across the Straits of Gibraltar summoned veteran *poilus* of the press from acacia-shaded Paris cafés, from oak-paneled Fleet Street pubs, from ill-timed vacations in America.

In the latter category was Reynolds Packard, of the United Press, for whom life has become one war after another. Wearied by months of churning in the steaming mud of Ethiopia, "Pack" and his wife, who had followed him from Djibouti to Addis Ababa, sailed for America for a rest. Ten days later the familiar scent of gunpowder wafted up to the air-plane that set them down in Burgos, Spain.

Before it had time to turn around, the vanguard of American correspondents was besieged by editors for eye-witness stories. Wrote Harold Ettlinger, of the United Press, from Irun:

"I watched the battle from the roof of a hotel on the heights here. . . . I saw waves of Rebels running down the mountains despite continuous bombing. . . . It is a miniature battle, but tragic. . . ."

Eye-Witness Feast—Everywhere, American newspaper men, some of them veterans of the World War, most of them fresh from Italy's African conquest, were "eye-witnessing" the tragic events in Spain. The Associated Press, the United Press, International News Service, Universal and the French Agence Havas, which also serves American readers, hastily augmented staffs of from ten to forty men, spreading them from the French border to Gibraltar, and from Barcelona to Portugal. War correspondents of the New York *Herald Tribune, Times* and *Daily News;* the Chicago *Tribune* and *Daily News,* and many another paper went into action. Within a few days, the top-notchers were on the job, summoned like shock troops.

Informed by Thomas Loayza, veteran chief of its Madrid bureau, that Government censors were blue-penciling every report sent over the wires, International News Service sent its shock trooper, H. R. ("Red") Knickerbocker, into the firing-line. On his first motor-jaunt, "Red" became the target of a French Potez fighting plane and its Spanish Leftist pilot. To New York he cabled:

"I hammered the chauffeur's arm to make him stop, because we wanted to get out of the car . . . the Potez gave us a burst from his machine-gun. . . . We lay under a thorn-bush and listened to the chauffeur say his prayers while a second air-plane dropped a bomb. . . . It buried itself in soft earth and didn't explode, but its shivering whistle awakened echoes in our spines. . . . Overhead, a flock of dark

*The Literary Digest and United Press elected to call the Loyalists "Leftists" and the Insurgents "Rightists" in future.

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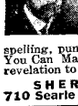

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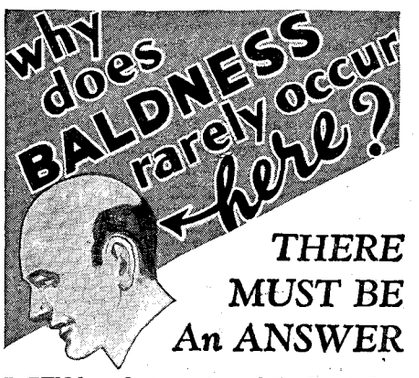

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birds circled the ten-day battle-field behind us. Vultures are the only ones with all the luck in Spain's civil war."

Transmission Delay—The thing that chiefly annoyed Knickerbocker was not the imminence of death, but having to spend twenty-two precious hours on the road before he could get his story off to America.

Many a correspondent loses time, too, pausing to lend a hand to the hapless victims of the war that strew the roads. One French journalist, hastening from burning Irun to Hendaye, across the border in France, to phone his story to Paris, picked up a wailing child and hustled it to safety (see cut).

Arthur Menken, crack Paramount News cameraman, was in Boston covering a soap-box derby when the command to get to Spain as fast as possible caught him without a clean shirt. Two weeks later he reported that he had hitch-hiked 400 miles across the Iberian peninsula.

At San Raphael "guns all around me were booming. . . . I started grinding right behind the guns . . . could see the shells burst on the enemy 400 yards away. . . . I can tell you it was marvelous . . . the finest stuff I could ever hope to make . . . suddenly I felt a nudge in my back . . . the commanding officer . . . his pistol in my ribs. . . . Snatching my camera, he tore it open, ripped out every foot of my film. . . . I sped down the highway as machine-gun bullets spattered around the car. . . ."

Not the least of their troubles is getting news and film through, for both sides enforce a severe, if erratic, censorship. One of the safest ways to get news out is to work it somehow to the French border or Portugal, whence it can be telephoned to London or Paris and relayed to New York. But there are more artful ways of cheating the rules.

Hurried Censors—For one, the correspondents early discovered that censors read hastily. So they began writing subdued leads about the weather or the rotten food, weaving important news into the second, third and fourth paragraphs.

Another dodge is the old familiar code, with a new twist.

"B for Benjamin, O for Otto, M for Mike . . ." the correspondent drones into the phone, while the Government censor, squatting beside him in the booth, yawns. In London, those three initial letters mean "Bombers Over Madrid."

Tho newsreel men need no codes, their lot in Spain is no easier. Fox Movietone, which does its own filming, publishing and cutting right in the war area, and Paramount News each have about fifteen photographers and assistants on duty. Hearst Metrotone, Pathé and Universal also maintain full staffs at the front. To most of them, the Spanish war is a tedious business involving bad food and vermin-ridden lodgings, and much time wasted trying to get through to the front.

But for all of them—cameramen and reporters alike—there is the ticklish problem of trying not to tread on official toes. When Knickerbocker reported from Caceres that he had seen German pilots strutting about, unconcerned about their identity, his dispatches suddenly stopped—and INS feared the Rightists had done something to him.

False Rumors—Then Floyd Gibbons, Hearst radio commentator; O'Dowd Gallagher, correspondent of the *London Daily Express*, and John Whitaker, New York *Herald Tribune* war reporter, wandered into the same Rightist aviation headquarters—and reports reached their offices that they,

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too, had been "detained." Still another rumor had Jean DeGandt, UP chief, in trouble.

The reports proved false, but neither the men nor their New York and London offices know when the lightning will strike in earnest. Last week the Rightists expelled a *London Times* man—apparently for no better reason than that the newspaper had a correspondent with the Government forces.

Still, there are the brighter sides. When Menken landed in Europe fresh from the soap-box derby, still without his clean shirt, he found "a very tense situation prevailing, with the possibility of half a dozen countries intervening in Spain." When he reported to Oswald Brooks, his chief, at a Bordeaux sidewalk café, he found the latter buying drinks for a Spanish refugee. Introduced to the "refugee," Menken promptly relaxed.

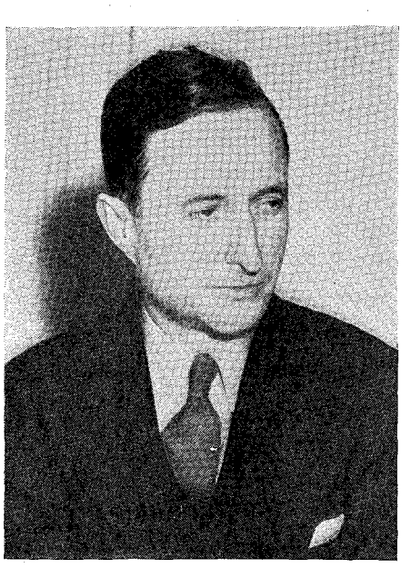
"As she was decidedly good-looking and spoke a brand of French a lot better than my own, I began to be encouraged about the entire European situation."

RADIO NEWSPAPER: Stanley Walker of City-Room Fame, Takes New Job

Cub reporters in Indiana towns and barkeepers in Manhattan night-clubs know all about Stanley Walker, the epitome of the City Editor and the Night Club Era (he has written best-sellers about both). They read about him when he was City Editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, when he resigned to be a tabloid's Managing Editor (New York *Daily Mirror*) and when he left Hearst's New York *American* for the task of putting seriousness into the smartly successful metropolitan weekly, the *New Yorker*.

Last week, small, peppery Stanley Walker resigned as Associate Editor of Harold Ross's gay little magazine and prepared to plunge into radio journalism.

Appropriately, *Home Edition* is the projected title for the newspaper-of-the-air-for-women-listeners that Walker is working out with Columbia Broadcasting Company studio men. Not even microphones and control boards are able to take away the printers' ink atmosphere of the young man from Texas (thirty-eight), who is already legendary in city-rooms.



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Stanley Walker: legendary at thirty-eight

Star in Texas—Walker walked up to his first City Editor in Austin, Texas, in wartime, when he was a cub reporter on the *American*. The Dallas *Morning News* knew him as a star reporter in 1918, and then he jumped to the Mecca of newspaper men, New York, to be a rewrite man on the *Herald* from 1920 until it was bought in 1924 by the *Tribune*. Two years later, he was Night City Editor of the *Herald Tribune*, and colleagues boasted he was record-young for the job (twenty-eight).

It must have been Walker's youth that kept him alive at all through the exciting nine years of big news stories that harassed and delighted the metropolitan press. At the same time, he was haunting Prohibition-created gay places, inventing such harmless pastimes as the Match Game and blow-gun target shooting. "No one knows when he sleeps," cubs chorused.

Their shop talk turned to surprize in 1935's chilly January when, on one day's notice, Walker threw up his $10,000 a year job with Ogden and Helen Rogers Reid, *Herald Tribune* owners, and walked across from Times Square to East 45th Street, where he took the Managing Editor's desk of Hearst's tabloid, the lurid, sexy *Mirror*. Visions of the new future in tabloids, more serious, better edited "modern newspapers" and the chance to fight the big shot of Manhattan tabloids, the *Daily News* (1,464,569 week-day circulation against the *Mirror's* puny 538,820), haunted the dreams of the man who was already well known for his "City Editor."

Back to Typewriter—Half a year later, Walker wrote that he was "recovering from an attack of Hearst at Great Neck, Long Island." With characteristic unaccountability, the Lord of San Simeon had put aging Arthur Brisbane into a remote office to oversee the rebirth of the *Mirror*, shifting Walker to the *American*. So Walker at his home on Long Island banged his typewriter again. Out came "Mrs. Astor's Horse," which took a typically cynical view of America's exciting life as played up by the newspapers, and many an article for such magazines as *Vanity Fair* (which first "discovered" him as a writer), *Forum*, *The American Mercury*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Today* and *Ringmaster*.

In the hectic, waste-basket breaking *New Yorker* office, wire-haired Harold Ross changes Managing Editors on an average of every six months. For Associate Editor in charge of factual material he hired Walker and desks were moved around (they are said to be mounted on roller skates in the nineteenth-floor office). But this only half-journalistic job got under Walker's skin, too.

"I'm still going to be writing sketches and articles for the *New Yorker*," Walker says, "but I'm anxious for more time to write and less time sitting at a desk." He is also working on a fourth book, which Frederick A. Stokes Co. is planning to publish either in the fall or spring. And radio's *Home Edition* is expected to bear the marks of his sharp comment, his newsmindedness and polished phrases.

Into Walker's job at the *New Yorker* will go St. Clair McKelway (who with A. J. Liebling did one of the most-talked-about "Profiles" on Father Divine this summer). Pink-faced, brilliant, McKelway was a reporter on the *Herald Tribune* until he met King Prajadhipok of Siam and was hired away for three years to edit the *Government Gazette* at Bangkok.

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Parade

Sin may be the cause of many things in the world, but in Litchfield, Illinois, it's putting people to work. Not long ago, short, graying fiftyish, the **Rev. L. A. Crown,** Pastor of the Union Avenue Christian Church, racked his brain. How could he fill his church? Then Beelzebub shot a snappy idea through the 6,612-person town in a coal-mining area. Why not canvass the good and the wicked for the "most horrible sin" imaginable!

Preacher Crown offered a $5 prize for the best suggestion of a nightmarish sin. On October 11, he would choose the juiciest contribution as the subject of his sermon. This would be the first magnificent gesture in a series of ten to fill the pews. All shining examples of wickedness were to be dropped in a box at the church.

Rallying as never before, the wicked bombarded the mails. Mrs. Crown was assigned to the telephone to list those entrants whose suggestions were so lecherous that even postal authorities would blush. The Crowns' high-school daughter was yanked from football rallies to sort mail during the afternoon.

"I am surprized at the cooperation of the nation in selecting the most horrible sin," said Mr. Crown, flustered at the widespread interest he had aroused. Thinking the matter over, he decided to change the prize from a "fin" to a "gift both beautiful and useful," a floor lamp.

To outraged citizens of Litchfield who were being inundated by sinful suggestions, the preacher said: "No, I am not running 'Bank Night' services. I'm looking for the worst sin in the world."

While he left to attend a conference of Disciples of Christ preachers at Urbana, first returns of sinful suggestions leaked out. Communism, hypocrisy, selfishness, killing, lying, using God's name in vain, knowing your duty and not doing it, tobacco, immersion and cohabitation.

As contributions poured in, the town post-office put on an extra man to handle the sin wave. Most letters congratulated Mr. Crown on his investigation. It was decided that out-of-towners were not eligible; then it was found that Litchfield letters were the most chaste, thus simplifying Mr. Crown's task on October 11. William Fansler, newspaper compositor and member of the congregation, believes the pastor should be removed. "He's too much of a promotor," Fansler declared.

* * *

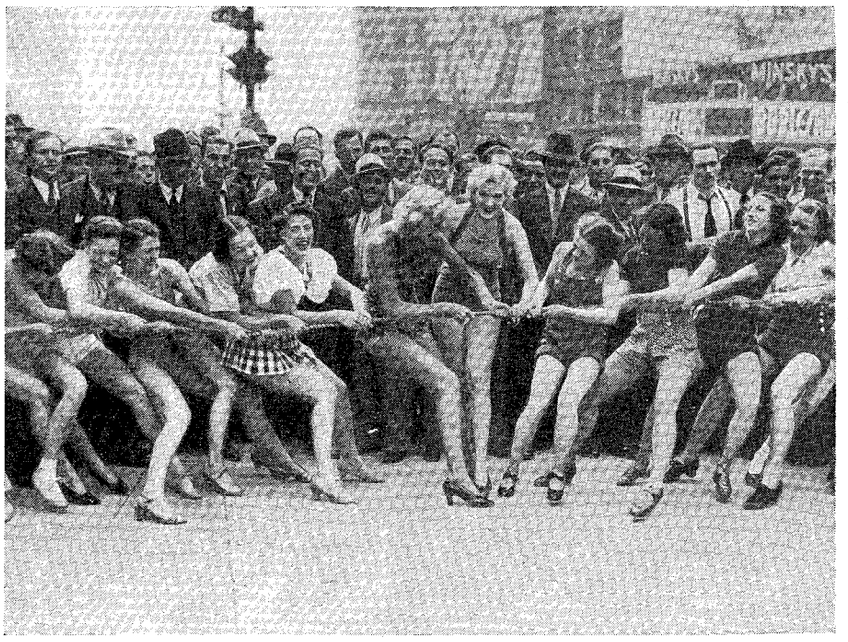
"A boy needs a gun as much as he needs a dog," said Superior Judge **Joseph B. Lindsley** in Spokane, Washington. "He also needs training and supervision in the handling and use of a gun." The jurist declared any attempt to deprive youngsters of toy firearms was "bunk."

* * *

Dr. Charles H. Judd told school authorities in Chicago that memory is overrated at the expense of reasoning powers. "The greatest rewards in life," he declared, "go to the few who are able to carry on the higher types of mental activity. This does not mean the mere ability to reproduce information."

* * *

With the temperature at 73 degrees, and humidity identical, fifteen of Broadway's most glamourous chorus-girls invaded Times Square at noon for a press-agent-arranged "tug of war." Hardly awake, the scantily clad lassies squealed and pulled the nautical rope. Broadway crowds, hopeful of any distraction during non-working hours, smiled and cheered. "Just like the good old days," chortled wiseacres. Then burly Patrolman Walter Wirth decided all was not in order. Sylvia Marsh, statuesque blonde starter, had fired her gun without a permit.



Acme

Shapely cuties' tug o' war ends in the jug . . . their starter arrested for carrying a pistol

With traffic tied up by the pulchritudinous yankings, the copper escorted the chorine offender to the station, where she was finger-printed and photographed. Her cotuggers sympathized as she left the station in a green smock. Then bystanders sympathized as it was found some smooth finger expert had made off with all the pocketbooks of the athletic maidens.

* * *

"It's now a race between **George Bernard Shaw** and myself," commented author **H. G. Wells** on the eve of his seventieth birthday in London. The writer has already composed his own obituary, telling how he died at ninety-seven years. To date, Shaw is ten years ahead in the race.

* * *

More discipline would do American youth good, according to **J. Edgar Hoover,** Director of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice. "No boy or girl will be a recruit to subversive activities if he or she has been correctly reared and taught by responsible parents," he added.

* * *

"The owl is a fool," declared **Col. H. P. Sheldon** of the Biological Survey in Washington. "And you can quote me as saying so. The owl is simply like a lot of people, he doesn't say much because he doesn't know much to say." He also explained that the bird is "too dumb to see in broad daylight."

* * *

Roy Hatten, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, advocates a lighter touch for cemeteries. He would like to see the natural beauty enhanced by music and landscaping. "The traditional awe of cemeteries is disappearing, and they are looked upon with greater respect and appreciation," he explains.

Beer-suds reading is the latest development in the art of fortune-telling, announced **Helen A. Perota,** President of the National Association of Fortune-Tellers. Froth in a beer glass is much more American, she averred, than tea-leaves in a cup.

* * *

Late workers in Wall Street, New York, were disturbed recently by an outbreak of ringing from Trinity Church's ninety-year-old chimes. Whipped by sharp winds, the chimes clanged in rare abandon. Sexton **John O. Fleming** was upset by the outbreak, knowing how "regulars" heeded the precise ringing. Unable to get any help, Fleming was peppered with calls throughout the night. To persistent inquiries, church assistants merely replied that "big doin's were afoot."

* * *

"I never sat down to write a sonnet in my life," said poet-playwright **Robert Turney,** author of the much discussed and, as yet, unproduced play, "Daughters of Atreus." "One day in a subway, I suddenly wrote a sonnet down. Somebody told me it was good. It has never been revised. It was published last year."

* * *

Unique as a newspaper editor, nine-year-old **Edwin L. Heminger,** of Findlay, Ohio, now claims that his Glendale *Times* is "out of the red" because he has eighty-five subscribers and sufficient advertising in his four-page issues.

Selling for two cents, the paper now has a waiting list of advertisers. In his first year as an editor-solicitor-publisher, Heminger has made $66 clear profit. The boy gathers his own news, writes copy, edits, sets type and runs the copies off by himself. When he first started, he had to stand on a box to reach the type.

* * *

"My private life is my own," commented **Elisabeth Bergner,** actress. "It must not be the public's property. It's the worst and naughtiest habit of the age to want to know about 'private lives.' Perhaps I have no private life."

* * *

Sir James Jeans, noted astronomer, became a father ten days after his fifty-ninth birthday. His wife is Susi Hock, Viennese musician, whom he married last year.

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Sports

MODERN DAREDEVIL MOTOR RACEWAY

Cup Contest Revived at Scene of Lindbergh's Take-off

Weaving supercharged cars through a labyrinthic maze of unbanked turns and straightaways at a clip calculated to blast all records for nerve-wrenching and noise, thirty-six of the world's more dashing young drivers will revive on Columbus Day, October 12, a relic of American motoring's kindergarten days: the Vanderbilt Cup road race, abandoned twenty years ago as "too dangerous."

Unlike the devil-take-the-spectators original version, which was forced bodily off Long Island's public highways by indignant taxpayers, the modern revival will be held on an enclosed track, will offer a "pot of gold" of $60,000 in prizes.

Built on the site of the celebrated Roosevelt Field Number One at Westbury, Long Island, transatlantic jumping-off spot for Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Richard Evelyn Byrd, and Clarence Chamberlin, Roosevelt Raceway represents the most daring speculation in motor-racing since completion of the Indianapolis Speedway in 1911.

Big-Money Days—To build track, grandstands, signal-towers, pits and garages, and install the world's largest public address system, promoters have spent approximately $1,000,000. To get that and more back, they are banking on just two days of racing a year: the Columbus Day Vanderbilt Cup feature, and one other, possibly a Pan-American race in June or July.

Their confidence in anticipating capacity crowds of 150,000 twice a year is based partly on the regular financial success of the Indianapolis one-day stand, mainly on two novel features of their own Raceway: every section of the track is visible from any point in the grand-stands or bleachers; and the racing-strip itself is probably the most formidable ever devised.

Four miles long, the gravel-and-oil track makes sixteen turns, ranging in radius from 140 to 330 feet, and doubles back on itself three times.

In the 400-mile race, drivers will have to snake through the spheroid speedway 100 times, negotiate 1,600 curves.

On some of them, they estimate, they will have to throttle down to fifty-five miles an hour.

But on the 3,775-foot main straightaway, 150 yards longer than those at Indianapolis, they count on hitting a top speed of 140 miles or better.

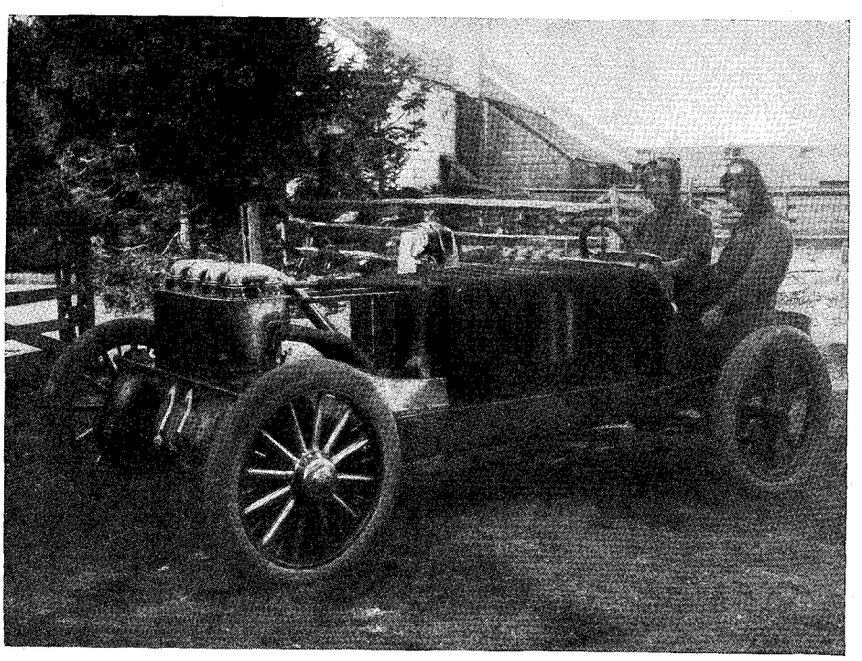
To prevent cars from piling up after a crash, officials in the main control tower can, with a system of traffic lights, stop the race entirely or slow it down to a mild sixty miles an hour.

Cushions of Hay—For overanxious drivers who find themselves unable to make the turn at the end of the long straightaway in front of the grand-stand, they have built a 500-foot "run-over," cushioned from its guard-wall by bales of hay.

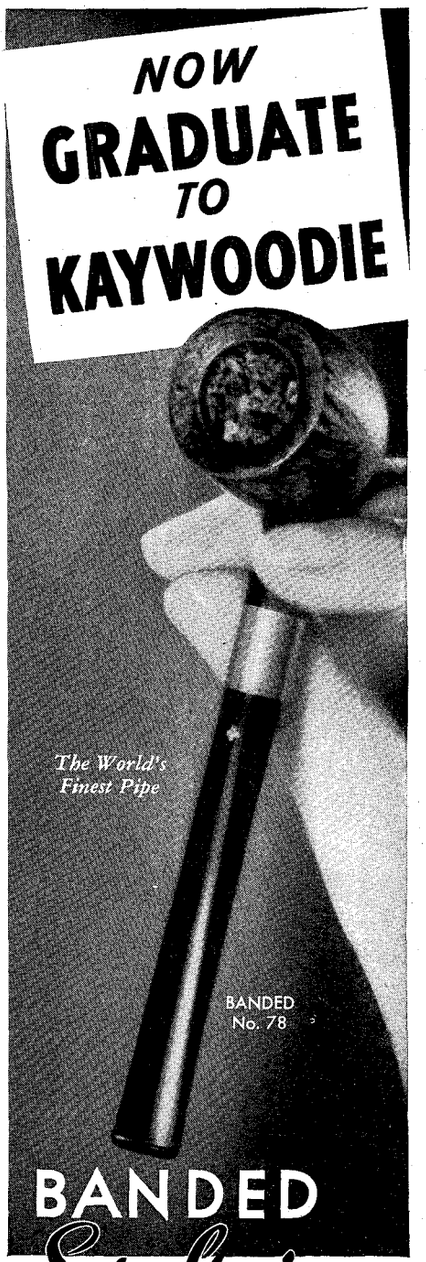
In spite of its vastly greater speed and its series of disastrous-looking spirals and cutbacks, the new Vanderbilt Cup race will undoubtedly be far less nerve-racking for drivers and spectators than its inspirer, a hell-and-gone affair whose very recklessness contributed to its downfall.

Established in 1904 under a deed of gift from William Kissam Vanderbilt, whose nephew, George, donated the new trophy, the original race was held over a nine-mile circuit of roads in the Westbury district. With a few exceptions, anything was legal.

Starting at 7 in the morning, the ancient buggies of the acetylene-lamp era roared over the narrow, dusty roads at sixty, sometimes sixty-five miles an hour. Races were anywhere from 250 to 325 miles long.



Terror of the track: George H. Robertson at the wheel of his 1905 Christie



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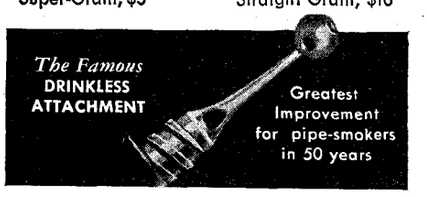

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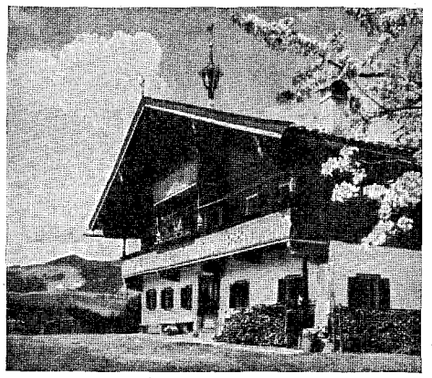

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Before a race ended, every car entered had at least one breakdown, usually tire trouble.

The first two years, before the invention of the demountable rim, tire trouble meant a loss of fifteen or twenty minutes. Drivers didn't bother trying to preserve the tire for future use; not enough time for that.

Slashing Interlude—Instead, they slashed the tube with a heavy knife, put in a new one, and started off again.

In contrast to the elaborate "stop and go" system at Roosevelt Raceway, drivers had to rely on a primitive method of signaling with flags to warn them of a smash-up around the next bend.

Whenever some one did crack up, soldiers of the National Guard posted along the road as watchers passed back, from hand to hand, a warning yellow flag to indicate a minor wreck and a red one to warn of a serious crash.

Because of a limit placed on weight, many of the drivers drilled holes in every possible section of the frame and body, and frequently drove most of the course with parts dragging here and there.

From a social aspect, "going to the Vanderbilt" was a major event of the year. From Long Island and the city, parties set out at midnight, well supplied with hampers of food and champagne, to wait for the first Vanderbilt Cup racer to come charging through the morning mists.

Menace to Spectators—Most of the danger came from the presence of huge crowds lining almost the entire course, sometimes swarming out over the road itself. Altho only one mechanic was killed, the injury rate among spectators was high during the six exciting years of the Cup's existence on Long Island.

By 1907, public complaints against closing off roads for the Vanderbilt reached an embarrassing point, and the race that year was abandoned. Coming back the next year, it lasted until 1910, when the hue and cry sent it packing off to the less highly populated reaches of Georgia, eventually to the West Coast. At the end of 1916, the race was dropped altogether because of increased motor traffic, and the original Vanderbilt Cup was installed in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington as a memento of a bygone era.

Because of vastly superior cars and greater driving experience, foreigners monopolized the first three runnings of the Vanderbilt. Not until 1908 did an American driver in an American car win it. He was George H. Robertson, the man who thought up the idea of reviving the race under modern conditions.

The son of the Superintendent of the Third Avenue Railway System, then the largest of its kind in New York City, Robertson was reared with the understanding that he was going to the Naval Academy.

Instead, he passed up two appointments for a sea-fighter's career and broke into the automobile racing game.

In a day when race driving was a slam-bang business, Robertson developed into one of the top-notchers, and still modestly claims credit for inventing the then popular practise of throwing wrenches to make stubborn competitors move over on the track.

Championship—After five years' experience, including a furious series of races on Florida's Daytona Beach with a cake of ice strapped to his car's hood for cooling purposes, Robertson won the 1908 Vanderbilt in a Locomobile, was recognized as the American road-racing champion. The next

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year he beat the great Ralph De Palma for the national track championship.

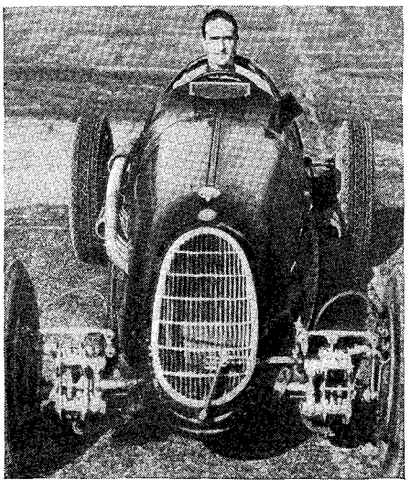
Practising for the 1910 Vanderbilt, Robertson took along a newspaper reporter, completely equipped with a cigar, a derby and plenty of confidence. As they neared a turn at fifty-five, the reporter lost the confidence and wrapped both arms tightly around Robertson's neck and eyes.

The car turned over twice. When the dust settled, the reporter discovered the extent of his damage was a dent in the derby.

Robertson's were a broken arm and a complete set of caved-in ribs, enough to keep him hospitalized for almost a year and finish his active racing career.

A member of New York's Seventh Regiment when the World War broke out, he was one of the first men given a commission in the Regular Army. With the rank of major, he was made Chief of Transportation for the United States Air Corps. After the War he became Director of Transportation for the American Red Cross.

To solve a trying traffic problem in Bordeaux, France, Major Robertson de-



Modern racing car . . . sleek, supercharged

vised a system of red and green lights, the first time they had ever been used.

Called to Paris, he worked out a traffic light system that was eventually copied throughout the world.

In 1921, Major Robertson managed an American team headed by Jimmy Murphy, who that year, in a Duesenberg, became the first American driver in an American car ever to win the French Grand Prix automobile race. A year later, watching the annual road race at Monza, Italy, he started dreaming about an American road race so designed that spectators could see all of it all the time.

Dream Comes True—After a few years with motor manufacturers in America, and a financially unfortunate fling at newspaper publishing on Long Island, he finally picked Roosevelt Field as the ideal spot for his road race, got financial backing, and gradually saw his dream of fourteen years ago materialize.

Fifty-two now, ruddy-faced, still wrapped up in automobile racing, Major Robertson works twelve or fourteen hours a day as Vice-President and General Manager of Roosevelt Raceway, is confident that his idea will be a whopping success.

Proving-Ground — Whether the modern Vanderbilt proves to be as much of a bonanza as its sponsors hope, technical experts feel that it will be a first-rate proving-ground for transmissions, brakes, fuel and a host of other passenger-car necessities, as well as a test of comparative driving methods used by foreign and American experts.

Unused to road racing, except for what experience they get in driving their own passenger cars, American drivers will rely on smaller brakes, slowing down and skidding the corners.

Europeans, in their powerful, supercharged cars, like to roar into a curve at speed, jam on their heavier brakes, and ride the corner.

Most spectacular of the twelve foreign drivers who will qualify for one of thirty-six starting places against big-time American drivers like Wild Bill Cummings, Babe Stapp, Deacon Litz, Wilbur Shaw, Ab Jenkins and Chet Gardner is an Italian, Tazio Nuvolari, whose admirers contend he has "a contract with the devil."

SPORT SHOTS

To find out for themselves whether Joe Louis, twenty-two-year-old Negro boxer, had permanently recovered from the surprizing, twelfth-round knock-out by which Max Schmeling, German fighter, three months ago ruined his certain prospect for a crack at the world's championship, more than 50,000 spectators, Philadelphia's largest boxing crowd in exactly ten years, last week stormed the Municipal Stadium to see the Brown Bomber box a second-rate local product, Al Ettore, also twenty-two.

At one minute and 28 seconds of the fifth round, Louis sent a flashing left hook to Ettore's chin, placidly watched him collapse on the ring floor, satisfied some but not all of the customers that he was still the deadly Bomber of four months ago.

For knocking out Ettore, a blond Italian, Louis received $57,897.89. For absorbing Louis' second come-back knock-out since he lost to Schmeling, Ettore, whose managers two years ago turned down a chance for him to fight the Negro in Chicago for $750, received $35,265.26.

* * *

Ghosts of the fabulous Bill Cody and of yipping Indian hunters plunging through stampeding herds on half-broken mustangs will stalk the Arizona plains this winter—on foot and in automobiles—when the State Game Department holds its annual buffalo-hunt.

Because the herd of more than 100 animals will multiply too rapidly for the available grazing-ground at the edge of Kaibab National Forest in the Grand Canyon district if left undisturbed, attendants each year pick out eight or ten of the less sprightly and consign them for slaughter to a corresponding number of hunters.

Because buffalo heads and hides are treasured primers for after-dinner conversation, between 800 and 1,000 men and women from all over the world apply for permission to hunt during the one-day season, usually in January. Out of the applicants, officials select one principal and one alternate hunter for each animal to be killed.

To bring down the day's bag of one non-stampeding buffalo, the huntsman, usually an expert shot, can use any brand of stalking, ancient or modern, he likes. Nearly always he prefers to go on foot instead of on horseback.

Resident licenses for the sport Buffalo Bill made famous seventy years ago cost $3.50, non-resident licenses, $25.

This winter plan a definite course of action Use a daily aid to build good general *resistance*

New facts suggest a way to help protect yourself against common winter conditions. It's true that they're prevalent at this time of year—almost at their peak. But instead of resigning yourself to them, take certain precautions which may help you *avoid* discomfort later on.

These conditions start in early fall, spread quickly, and become more severe as the season advances. January and February are the worst months for them.

The sensible thing is not to sit by until they're upon you, but to begin right now preparing yourself ahead.

One of the first things you'll want to use is some resistance-building measure regularly every day. Start with *Adex!*

Adex offers you a *new* way to prepare for winter. It supplies Vitamin A, the factor which contributes *more than any other vitamin* to good general resistance; also extra Vitamin D, the "sunshine" vitamin you may need at this dreary season. Both vitamins come from cod, halibut liver oil and other *natural* sources.

Begin now with Adex. Have a bottle on the breakfast table and take them *routinely*. At any drug store—in tablets or capsules. Made by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

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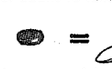

One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

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RIVAL PROGRAMS TO HELP FARMER

Landon Offers Cash Benefits; Administration Copies Joseph

In parched Kansas last week, hardened backs bent over winter wheat sowing. In the Iowa and Nebraska tall-corn country, gnarled fists sped the husking. In the rich Mississippi Delta, ginger fingers stripped cotton. But the Indian summer chores were not all that occupied the hands and minds of Uncle Sam's 10,400,000 farmers. The quadrennial crop of political promises became more abundant daily.

Dazedly, as the Presidential campaign focused full upon him, the farmer sought to cull from the words that hammered at him from his radio and wooed him from his newspaper those plans that promised best to answer the troublesome posers of the perennial farm problem: how deal with surpluses, shortages, low prices, high costs; with droughts, dust-storms, cantankerous nature generally?

Landon's Plan—From Republican Candidate Alfred M. Landon, the farmer had promises of cash benefits to protect him in the same way tariffs protect industry. (This proposal resembled one which President Roosevelt approved in 1932, abandoned later for the AAA.) Candidate Landon promised also to permit the farmer to store surpluses on his farm, and to obtain on them Federal warehouse receipts acceptable as collateral at any bank.

The Governor also would continue payments on New Deal obligations, would deal generously with drought sufferers, yet would "free the farm and the rest of the country from the impending dangers of ruinous debt and taxation."

Not to be outdone, Candidate Roosevelt offered crop insurance, stressed a conservation program for the Great Plains area. Because Candidate Landon had also approved crop insurance, that issue appeared headed for Congressional debate in January no matter who may win in November.

Lean Years, Fat Years—While industry may reduce hazards by hedging commitments on future exchanges, by insuring plants and equipment against fire, flood, thefts, riots and strikes, nothing tangible has yet been accomplished toward modifying risks of farming, one of the most speculative of enterprises.

Most wary of crop insurance schemes are the private insurance companies, whose experiences with such proposals have been uniformly unhappy. In 1899, companies which wrote crop insurance were forced to repudiate claims or make partial settlement. The Department of Agriculture has studied the problem for fifteen years, has backed various bills in Congress, has accomplished nothing. Well-nigh insurmountable, both to Government and to private insurance experts, has been the actuarial problem of determining rates for areas subject not only to drought but to insects and plant blights as well.

Undaunted, however, Secretary Wallace has pushed crop insurance researches, has gradually formulated a plan. Its kernel is the ever-normal granary scheme. The Government would accumulate grain during fat years, would store for lean. But this accumulation would not be accomplished by purchases in the open market; the disastrous Hoover Farm Board experience taught the Government better. Instead, grain would be stored up as farmers turned in corn and wheat in payment of their crop insurance premiums.

Presumably, the Government would then study sectional fertility, would gear premium payments to the area's yield history so as to avoid penalizing farmers in low-risk areas for the benefit of those with high hazards.

Altho crop insurance is an old idea, Secretary Wallace's plan for accepting insurance premiums in kind is new. New Deal friends of the scheme like to point out that such crop insurance would cost the Government nothing. Grain would be paid into a pool as premiums, and grain paid out if crops failed. The Government would serve merely as a custodian. And crop insurance, advocates say, would make everybody happy. For the farmer, it would mean stabilized returns; for the Government, relief from the burden of coming periodically to the aid of the farmer (148,000 farmers in twenty-three States are now getting $7,500,000 WPA drought relief monthly); for the consumer, a steady food supply.

Crop insurance's friends admit one weakness. Payment in kind limits its application to commodities that can be stored over a long period. For that reason, preliminary insurance proposals concern only the hard grains and cotton.

Corn—Congregating in their general stores, about their radios, farmers this week could find little fault with crop insurance. (Hadn't Joseph thus prevented famine in Egypt?) Particularly in the drought-ravished Corn Belt did the plan win approval. There, a pitiless sun had shriveled the corn crop to an estimated 1,456,000,000 bushels. Measliest crop since 1881, and more than a billion bushels (43 per cent.) below the 1928-'32 average of two and one-half billion bushels.

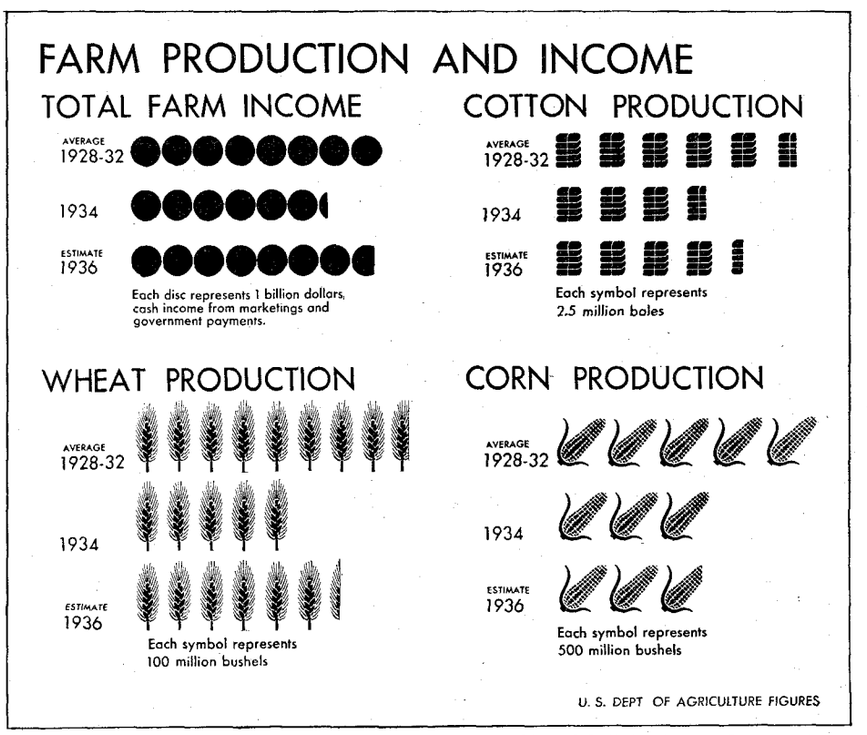
Since corn is a major feed crop (the others: oats, barley, rye and hay), it serves as a fulcrum upon which most of the nation's food supply rests. In meager feed-crop years, farmers slaughter cattle and hogs to avoid high feeding costs. As a result, cattle, pork, dairy prices advance.

Rural Slaughter — Desperate farmers, trapped by the great feed shortage of 1934, slaughtered (with Government aid) 8,000,000 head of cattle. Drought slaughterings this year will be fewer, because drought did not deal as harshly with fodder generally as it did two years ago.

As a result, Government officials are cheering housewives with assurances that the total food supply generally for the year ending June, 1937, will be only about 3 per cent. less than that of 1935-'36, only 1 per cent. below that of 1934-'35.

All in all, however, the corn situation provides little cause for cheer. Because hog slaughterings this year already exceed those of 1935 by 25 per cent., pork prices are scheduled for a marked rise early next spring, when the hog shortage becomes felt. As a further doleful aspect, America, the world's leading corn producer, will this year import the commodity. From Argentina, which has 200,000,000 bushels to spare, *Uncle Sam* may import as much as 55,000,000 bushels (about 1/26 of American production). He needs more than 55,000,000 bushels, and would like to buy more from Argentina, but competition from Europe threatens to push prices to prohibitive levels.

Wheat—Only Russia produces more wheat than the United States. Before international prices sank out of sight and halted American exports, *Uncle Sam's* merchant marine yearly groaned with the wealth of grain in its holds. But this year, America



Prepared by Pictorial Statistics, Inc., for LITERARY DIGEST

Comparison is made with 1934 figures because of the severe drought in that year

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will import wheat. From Canada will come about 35,000,000 bushels of high quality hard spring durum to supplement the domestic 630,000,000-bushel production.

Responsible for wheat shortage was the drought which pinched the spring wheat yield and dropped the total crop 25 per cent. below the 1928-'32 average.

Cotton—In the world's great cotton exchanges at New York City, Chicago, New Orleans, Liverpool and Alexandria, traders watch with eagle eye American Government production estimates. Three weeks ago, *Uncle Sam* revised his August estimate of the year's crop downward 1,380,000 bales, set the world cotton exchanges boiling and pushed cotton futures prices forward as much as $3.75 a bale. Latest crop estimate is 11,120,000 bales. To alert cotton men, this means that America is producing less than world demand (including American) for United States cotton, which in turn means that a 7,000,000 bale carryover will be drawn upon.

By curtailing yields, the drought increased prices received by farmers to the highest point in six years. This year, therefore, farmers' cash income of $7,850,000,000 will top last year's by 15 per cent., will virtually equal average farm income for the 1928-'32 five-year period, will exceed by a handsome margin the low $4,328,000,000 of 1932.

Drought—In Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma, in the Dakotas and Illinois, where fields last summer were blistered under record temperatures while rainfall dwindled to one-third normal, farmers worry little about political promises, worry much in spine-chilling fear that their farms are turning into desert.

J. B. Kincer, of the United States Weather Bureau, scoffs at this fear. Droughts are no new phenomenon to this continent, he pointed out in a recent bulletin.

A drought in the early 1890s in the so-called Dust Bowl was no less severe than the 1930, 1934 and 1936 droughts. Rainfall, says Kincer, depends on the movement of polar and tropical air masses.

When these masses meet, one from the north, the other from the south, the lighter tropical air flows up over the opposing dense air as it would flow up a mountainside.

Ascending, it cools, condenses and falls as rain. In this way, nature produces rain in appreciable amounts. Its weather factory, then, Kincer argues, is as large as the whole wide world itself, and meteorologists admit some of its operations have not as yet been fathomed. Neither have meteorologists fathomed how and why abnormal conditions establish themselves and persist for so long.

To Kincer, however, enough is known to permit him to advise farmers and government officials not to rack their brains about drought. For the weather is still something that man can do nothing about.

DUDE FISHERIES: Trawlers Go Modern, Ending Saga of Hardy Bilge-Water Days

The American fisheries industry is going modern, not to say *de luxe*. The old bilge-water-and-muck romance of the fishing banks is passing. Big business has begun to make long-deferred replacements of decrepit deep-sea trawlers in the North Atlantic, and is making them with revolutionary regard for sanitation, refrigeration, electric equipment, crew comfort, speed.

Through the past thirty years, commercial fishing methods showed little or no change. British-designed Grimsby trawlers remained the standard boats for the industry throughout the world; substitution of Diesel power for steam was America's only contribution to progress. But American enterprise, spurred by recurring losses due to varying temperatures, has now taken the lead in radical planning for new efficiency.

Trial Trips—With refrigerated holds cleanly lined with pure nickel, the *Storm*, first of new-type American trawlers, has already made her trial trip out of Boston harbor. Soon her sisters *Swell* and *Surf* will follow. Maine-built by the Bath Iron Works for Boston's Forty Fathom Fisheries (Bay State Fishing Company), the three will represent an expenditure of $600,000.

Like the refrigerating system of which it is part, pure nickel lining is an innovation. Water-tight and sanitary, it will provide against corrosion and rust, will need no painting. Insulated by cork packing through which ducts will carry iced, dehumidified air, it is designed to eliminate softening and contamination of the catch, to yield fishermen "pound sold for caught," to give American markets "winter fish in summer."

In comparison with old-type trawlers, modern *Storm* and her like are built to permit longer fishing in bad weather, are powered to make quicker runs to market. Needing to carry only one-third as much ice, their hold capacity for fish will be one-third greater at 400,000 pounds. Such gain in capacity, plus preservation of catches by cleanliness and refrigeration,

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Once a heavy exporter, the United States this year must import wheat

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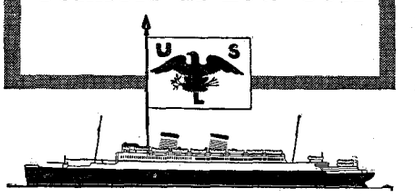

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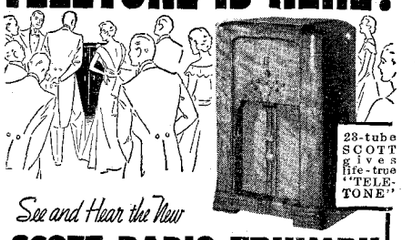

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promise increased operating profits, perhaps lower fish prices for housewives.

At the same time, hardy trawler crews out of Boston, Gloucester and Portland will attain creature comforts undreamed of only a few years ago—shower-baths, drying-rooms for wet clothing, cross-ventilated quarters, electric refrigeration in metal-fitted galleys. Improved radio, fathometer and electric-winch apparatus will facilitate their work.

Haddock Catchers—Pioneer in modernization, the Bay State Fishing Company operates seventeen vessels from Boston's Fish Pier, trawls chiefly for haddock. With a filleting plant at East Boston, a drying and canning plant at Vinal Haven, Maine, the company's boom-time sales exceeded $5,000,000 annually, were somewhat less than $3,000,000 in 1935-'36.

Last year, New England fishing craft landed approximately 750,000,000 pounds of fish, grossed about $18,000,000. Of this weight and value, about 45 per cent. was haddock, greatest of all catches. Indicated for 1936 is a total New England catch of 800,000,000 pounds, with a value of more than $20,000,000.

TIPS TO BANKERS: A Friendly Critic Lets Them Know How Others See Them

In San Francisco's famed St. Francis Hotel, 3,800 bankers last week folded hands into laps, made themselves comfortable to hear a speech by a non-banker. Some yawned. What could a food processer possibly tell them about their business?

In a resolute baritone, the angular six-footer on the rostrum sailed into his manuscript. Bankers here and there straightened up in attention. Suddenly all sat bolt upright.

"We asked 50,000 average citizens . . . on Park Avenue and in back of the tracks . . . with whose views on money do you agree?" The man on the rostrum measured his words for effect, listed the men whose monetary ideas were found most popular:

President Roosevelt.
Father Coughlin.
Senator Carter Glass of Virginia.
Gov. Alfred M. Landon.

Other Leaders—Trailing the four leaders were, in order, Herbert Hoover, Henry Ford, Representative William Lemke, Dr. Francis Townsend, Senator William E. Borah of Idaho; Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for President; Ogden Mills, Hoover's Secretary of the Treasury.

The man on the rostrum was Clarence Francis, President of far-flung General Foods Corporation.

He continued: "I think it lamentable that no banker or bankers stood out conspicuously in this poll."

To prepare for his speech before the American Bankers Association's sixty-second annual meeting, Francis had made two nation-wide surveys. He first queried 7,400 Bankers Association members. Then he "sampled" the average citizen. The answers he gleaned gave convening bankers something to take home and sleep (or lose sleep) over.

In the bankers' poll, Francis learned:

1. Only fifty-eight of every 100 bankers believe that the public is friendly toward banks. (Conversely, about every other banker doubts he has his customers' and potential customers' good-will.)

2. More than 50 per cent. of bankers believe that instalment buying helped wreck the country in 1929.

3. Sixty-seven per cent. of bankers believe that monetary and banking legislation enacted since the crisis has increased the long-run security of bank depositors and stockholders generally.

4. Seven of every ten bankers feel that the public knows that bank failures result from bad assets.

In the public poll, Francis learned:

1. About 25 per cent. of those queried felt they were not treated "as friendly" at their banks as at the stores where they regularly shop.

2. Fifty-seven per cent. thought the banks were not doing their share to help business and employment.

3. Every other average citizen expects America to reach a peak of prosperity in 1940, to tailspin into another depression in 1945 or 1950.

4. Forty-four per cent. believe it is still necessary to save for old age.

Clarence Francis: Whose views on money are most popular?

Business Advice—General Foods' President summed up: "You sell money. We sell prunes. But the banks haven't learned what we had to learn—always do business with the customer in mind."

At San Francisco last week, convention impresarios tried for a harmonious meeting. Strictly *verboten* were all controversial political topics. Robert V. Fleming (Riggs National Bank, Washington, D. C.), retiring President, stressed cooperation which Government officials and lawmakers had extended to bankers.

A.B.A. Presidents, in effect, are chosen two years before they actually wield a gavel. Tom K. Smith (President, Boatmen's National Bank, St. Louis), named President last week, had been elected Second Vice-President in 1934, had moved up to First Vice-President last year. Now slated for A.B.A. Presidency in 1938 is Philip A. Benson (President, Dime Savings Bank, Brooklyn, N. Y.) who, at San Francisco, was named Second Vice-President. Preceding him as President in 1937 will be Orval W. Adams (President, Utah State National Bank, Salt Lake City), now advanced to First Vice-President.

FRANC FALLS: France Finally Devalues Currency With Significant Political Results

World finance last week held its breath, braced itself to meet the shock of long-deferred devaluation of the French franc. Facing financial, perhaps political, crisis, France's Socialist Premier Leon Blum was yielding at last to necessity, was preparing to cut down the franc's gold value by one-third, to lower its American parity from 6.63 to something less than 5 cents, to nationalize French gold.

In France, creditors and *rentiers* (investors) gasped and became panicky; debtors and business men beamed with new hope; laborites and Communists roared in anger. Americans in Paris happily visioned more francs for their income-dollars. Americans in America foresaw agreeably cheaper French millinery, lingerie, wines.

Significant Politically—France's devaluation proved to be far less disturbing to world finance than expected, far more momentous politically, when its scope and details were disclosed. Involving unprecedented official agreement by Great Britain and the United States to cooperate with France protectively, it definitely foreshadowed international stabilization of currencies, modifications of trade barriers, new stimulants to world trade and recovery.

Widely it was recognized also as a long step towards world peace. In London, New York, Washington, no less than in Paris, statesmen and financiers alike stressed that potency.

Inevitable first effects in world markets were an abrupt overnight drop in the franc to its lowered value, coincident weakenings of other gold bloc currencies (Switzerland and Holland). Less logically, Britain's more significant pound sterling also slid sharply, hammered by suspiciously prompt selling by Soviet Russia's State Bank.

At once, however, the United States Treasury, in its new protector's rôle, threw $5,000,000 of its ample $5,000,000,000 stabilization fund into the exchange market to absorb Russian offerings.

Loss of Gold—Persistent flight of frightened capital and speculating capital from France through recent weeks was responsible for the Blum Ministry's final surrender after its long fight against franc devaluation. Loss of basic gold by hoarding and by export (more than $200,000,000 exported since early August) had reduced the holdings of the Bank of France almost to that "crisis point" between 50 and 51 billion francs below which, in theory, the national defense would be endangered, altho ample paper currency coverage would remain.

French confidence was ebbing steadily because of that, of Spanish dangers, of German sword-rattlings, of the ominous attitude of French labor. French commerce was calling for an end of deflation.

Once having a gold value of 19.3 cents, the franc fell to 2 cents in 1926, was revalued at 3.93 cents two years later, attained a parity of 6.63 cents when the American dollar was devalued to 59.06 cents. With the franc now reduced below 5 cents, the world may figure roughly on 20 francs to the dollar, as on five dollars to the pound sterling. To that approximate basis, all currencies will presently be adjusted, if now indicated stabilization plans are carried out.

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Off-Side

Goat-Man—When physicians operated on a forty-seven-year-old laborer of Trieste, Italy, to cure his chronic stomachache, they found thirteen keys, one can opener, three cigar holders, thirteen pencils, five fountain pens, one spoon, two pencil holders, four penknives, one safety-razor holder, a few needles, a piece of glass and five coins.

* * *

Send Regrets—The postmaster of Rangoon, Burma, has just asked the homicidal natives of the north to "please discontinue sending human heads through the mail." He sympathizes with the custom of sending trophies of the enemy to relatives of the deceased, but says the mails can not be used for that purpose.

* * *

Dated—Twenty-six years ago, a farmer of Rusk County, Texas, carved the date on the back of a turtle he found on his farm and then turned it loose. Recently he found the turtle on the other side of his farm. He knew it by the date—9-5-'10.

* * *

Fowl Beauty—Puzzled by the sudden rise in his farmer-lipstick sales, a Lancaster, Ontario, storekeeper finally asked a customer "Why?" "We use lipstick to color up the combs and wattles of fowls we show at country fairs," came the answer.

* * *

Unfair—Shortly after a Milwaukee woman had chased some children from a bonfire in a vacant lot near her home, she looked out the window. They were picketing her front yard with signs reading "UNFAIR TO CHILDREN."

* * *

Diamond Dirt—One night recently a Californian lost a diamond at a Hollywood Bowl concert. Next morning he returned with a tub and a screen and proceeded to screen all the dirt near his previous night's seat. He found the diamond.

* * *

Relief for Wives—Hull, England, has started a seaside camp with free movies, concerts and whist, for wives of unemployed men. Gives them a chance to recover from having their husbands around the house all the time.

* * *

Fish Story—At Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, a fisherman sat all day in a boat and caught nothing. As he started back, he fouled his oar. When he reached to free it, something jumped in his lap. It was a 3½-pound bass.

* * *

Light Nest—Each year for twenty years, a humming bird has built its nest on an electric light bulb in the home of Judge William Dehy at Independence, California. He doesn't know whether or not it's always been the same bird.

* * *

Turn About—Heads of the barbers' union in Boston are considering keeping employed union barbers from shaving themselves. That way, they figure, the unemployed will at least get some business.

* * *

Hospitality—Rather than have his guests go dinnerless, innkeeper John Knecht of Mt. Tamalpais, California, refused to let firemen put out the fire on his roof until a roast he was cooking was done.

Between the Lines

"TELL ME A STORY"

THE EDITOR'S assignment was—War Correspondents In Spain. For two weeks, he had been gathering facts and anecdotes, interviewing the home offices of the big press associations, newspapers and newsreel companies. For his lead he had picked General Mola's threat to reporters—because that was the latest, freshest fact in the pile on his desk.

"Last week," he wrote, *"Gen. Emilio Mola warned correspondents that if they persisted in calling his men Rebels, he . . . ."*

Too slow. Besides it was worth speculating on the possible consequences of the general's manifesto, for THE DIGEST policy is to give not only to-day's news but, wherever feasible, to-morrow's forecast, as well. The editor ran a new sheet into his typewriter.

"Last week, a bomb burst squarely in the midst of a group of American newspaper men covering the Fascist side in the Spanish civil war. Whether it proves fatal to them depends, strangely enough, not on field hospital surgeons, but on copy editors 3,000 miles away in the United States."

Why? Because . . . but the complete story appears on page 34 of this issue.

* * *

And it isn't the only article illustrative of the constant, painstaking polishing and repolishing that goes into the making of every story, every week. Take the amusing tale of Mickey Mouse's eighth birthday, on page 18 . . . .

"Eight years ago this week, an unsuspecting audience . . . viewing . . . a shrill, capering India ink character . . . expressed restrained approval, unaware that it was witnessing the beginning of a success unparalleled in Hollywood history."

You knew Mickey was a success, but did you know it was his birthday? Or that the fact that he has only three fingers and a thumb on each hand saves Disney thousands of dollars a year in drawing time?

There's no formula for writing a DIGEST story. Some lend themselves naturally to the "Eight years ago this week" beginning, others start right off with an arresting name, an amusing anecdote or an odd piece of news.

The only rule is good writing—writing that will stand up without risqué pictures, garbled grammar, coined words or double entendres that affront good taste.

And that is another very pertinent reason why THE DIGEST goes into the homes of discriminating families in every city and town in the United States.

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Joseph G. Csida, Jr., 3063 Williamsbridge Road, Bronx, New York, N. Y.

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SO many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

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The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Bargain.—The decrepit old car drove up to the toll-bridge.

"Fifty cents," cried the gateman.

"Sold," replied the driver.—*Wall Street Journal.*

Happily Married.—"I notice the Rowleys seem to get along much better these days."

"Yes, ever since he went home this summer and saw the girl he was in love with twenty years ago."—*Pathfinder.*

False Peace.—"Your play needs to be more realistic."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, here you have a scene in the home of a young married couple—and in the second scene, occurring six months later, the furniture is in exactly the same place."—*Boston Transcript.*

Another David.—With a grinding of brakes the officer pulled up his motor-car and shouted to a little boy playing in the field: "I say, sonny, have you seen an airplane come down anywhere near here?"

"No, sir!" replied the boy, trying to hide his sling-shot. "I've only been shooting at a bottle."—*Galt Reporter.*

As Requested.—A small girl who detested milk-pudding had been made to eat some for lunch. When she asked if she could get down she was told to say her grace.

"But I've nothing to be thankful for," she said sulkily.

"Very well," said the mother, "remain where you are."

There was silence for a few minutes; then a little voice said, "Thank God I wasn't sick. Now may I get down?"—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Double Pay.—He had got a job as collector for a gas company.

"Take this master key and go round and empty all the coin-boxes; get all the pennies and shillings," said the manager.

Three weeks later he walked into the office. "Can I have another key? I've lost t'other one."

"Certainly," replied the manager. "But where have you been all this time? The cashier has stopped late every Friday night, expecting you to come for your wages."

"Great guns!" exclaimed the collector, beaming broadly. "Do I get wages as well?"—*Montreal Daily Star.*

An Author's Story.—My agent telephoned me in great excitement: "Sold the rights to your book in Germany, England, France and Sweden!" "Great," said I. "I get ten cents a book?" "Yes—but the publisher gets five." "Fine!" "I get five cents?" "Yes, but the translator gets two." "All right, I'll settle for three." "Ah, but the agent gets two." "Good! I still make a cent." "There's a tax, you know." "Well, what DO I get out of it?" "It's a great honor, you know, and it won't cost you more than ten cents a copy."—*Beth Brown in The New York Daily Mirror.*

Greetings.—A famous French composer was touring the United States, and his itinerary included a visit to the music school of one of the large eastern universities. One of the professors of the school had been delegated to meet him at the railway station. On his way he suddenly realized that he knew no French and that possibly the musician could not speak English.

When the distinguished Frenchman stepped from the train, the professor could recall only one French phrase; and so, as he shook hands, he almost shouted, "Pâté de foie gras! Pâté de foie gras!"

The Frenchman looked at him in perplexity, but, grasping his hand, he instantly exclaimed, "Ros bif! Ros bif!"—*Christian Science Monitor.*

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Per Albin Hansson—leader, Swedish Social Democrats (page 16)—as if *pair al'bin han'sun.*

Seishiro Itagaki—Japanese general in Manchukuo (page 12)—*say-sheer'o eat-a-gah'kee.*

Axel Pehrsson i Bramstorp—a former Premier of Sweden (page 16)—he's called *ahx'el pair'shun ee brams'torp.*

van Gogh—Nineteenth century Dutch painter—*van* is *vahn;* then clear the throat vigorously: not *hawk* but *ghawgk.*

Slips That Pass in Type

A two-week moneymoon in New York will follow the boat trip, P——— said.—*Rochester (N. Y.) paper.*

Behold the pessimistic bridegroom.

As already announced, the Presidential candidates of all parties will deliver massages to the forum.—*New York paper.*

With the same old oil.

The French Line *S.S. San Diego* arrived Saturday with California passengers and European frights.—*Vancouver (B. C.) paper.*

Such candor!

Skidding more than forty-two feet, an automobile driven by G——— C. W——— suffered critical injuries.—*Los Angeles (Calif.) paper.*

Nervous collapse.

BEAUTIFUL 7 Room House with Apt. to sublet if desired. Large living room, fireplace by appointment.—*Lincoln (Neb.) paper.*

Hours 9 to 5.

"They'll all be there, whether the truck arrives or not," Mr. Moore said. "Five smaller children suffering with colds took castor oil without a murder yesterday."—*El Paso (Texas) paper.*

Chalk up a new record.

The vote of the association, as far as could be learned, showed Louis F. Jordan, chairman, voting for the retention of Mr. Main; W. E. Moore, city attorney, not voting, and the other members voting for the removal of the clerk.

France, meanwhile, directed her efforts to strengthening her defenses against any invasion via the German frontier.—*Staunton (Va.) paper.*

Small world, isn't it?

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Round(s)
Rowan
Rowe
Rowell
Rowland
Rowley
Ruggles
Rush
Russel(l)
Rust
Rutherford
Rutter
Ryerson
Sabin
Sackett
Sage
St. John
Salisbury
Salter
Sam(p)son
Sanborn
Sanderson
Sanford
Sargent
Sa(u)nders
Savage
Sawyer
Sayre—Sayer
Scarb(o)rough
Schaef(f)er
Schaf(f)er
Schen(c)k
Schermerhorn
Schneider
Schumacher
Schuyler
Scott
Scovil(le)
Sears
Seel(e)y
Selden—Seldon
Sellers
Semple
Seward
Sewell—Sewall
Sexton
Saxton
Seymour
Shaf(f)er
Shannon
Sharp(e)
Shaw
Shay
Shea
Sheldon
Shelton
Shepherd
Shep(p)ard
Sheridan
Sherman
Schurman
Shield(s)
Shipley
Shirley
Shoemaker
Sim(m)onds
Sim(m)ons
Symons
Sime—Simms
Simpson
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Singleton
Sinnott
Sinnett
Skinner
Slack
Slade
Slater
Slocum
Small
Smart
Smith
Snow
Snyder
Snider
Som(m)erville
Spafford
Spofford
Spangler
Sparkes
Spa(u)lding
Spear
Speed
Spence
Spencer
Spengler
Spicer
Spooner
Spotswood
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Springer
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Stafford
Standish
Stanford
Stanley
Stanton
Staples
Stapleton
Star(c)k
Starkey
Starr
Stauffer
Stouffer
Stearn(s)
Stebbins
Steel(e)
Steen
Sterling
Stirling
Stetson
Stevens
Stephens
Stevenson
Stephenson
Stewart
Stuart
Stickney
Stiles—Styles
Stillman
Still(l)well
Stim(p)son
Stinson
Stockton
Stoddard
Stokes
Stone
Stor(e)y
Storm
Stout
Stover
Stowell
Strange
Stratton
Street
Streeter
Strickland
Strong
Stryker
Stricker
Stubbs
Stump(e)
Sturges
Sturgis
Sullivan
Sumner
Sutcliffe
Sutherland
Sutton
Swain—Swayne
Sweet
Swett
Swift
Sylvester
Taft
Talbof(t)
Tal(l)madge
Talmage
Tal(l)man
Tanner
Tate—Tait
Taylor
Temple
Tenn(e)y
Terrell
Terrill
Terry
Tha(t)cher
Thayer
Thomas
Thom(p)son
Thorn(e)
Thornton
Thorp(e)
Thurston
Tibbet(t)s
Tibbit(t)s
Tiffany
Tilley
Tindall
Tinker
Todd
Tomlinson
Tompkins
Torrey
Tower(s)
Towne
Townley
Townsend
Trac(e)y
Traek
Traver(s)
Travis
Tre(a)dwell
Tripp
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Trumbull
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Tyrrell
Tyson
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Van Dyke
Van Dyck
Van Horn(e)
Van Meter
Vaugh(a)n
Vinton
Waddell
Wade
Wadsworth
Wagner
Wag(g)oner
Wagener
Waite
Wakefield
Waldo
Waldron
Wales
Walker
Wall
Wallace
Wallis
Walsh
Walter(s)
Walton
Ward
Warden
Ware
Waring
Warner
Warren
Warwick
Washburn(e)
Waterhouse
Waterman
Watson
Watt(e)rs
Watt(s)
Weaver
Webb
Web(b)er
Webster
Weeden
Weedon
Weeks
Weis
Welch—Welsh
Wellman
Wells
Wendel(l)
Wentworth
Wesley
West
Weston
Wetmore
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Wheeler
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Whitcomb
White
Whit(e)ford
Whitehead
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Whitney
Whit(t)aker
Whit(te)more
Whittlesey
Wickham
Wilbur—Wilber
Wilder
Wiley—Wylie
Wilkins
Wilkinson
Willard
Will(l)cox
Willett
Will(e)y
Williams
Williamson
Willis
Wilson
Winchester
Windsor
Wing
Winn(e)
Winslow
Winston
Winter
Wise
Wiseman
Withers
Witter
Wolcott
Wolf(e)—Wolff
Woodbury
Woodcock
Woodman
Woodruff
Wood(s)
Woodward
Woodworth
Wool(l)ey
Woolsey
Worden
Worthington
Wray
Wren(n)
Wright
Wyatt
Wyman
Wynn(e)
Yale
Yates
Yeaman(s)
York
Young
Youngman
Zimmerman(n)

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